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THE GITANA.

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XXXIV.

THE WEDDING DAY.

Oliver was right. The young girl's dazzling beauty electrified him. He would have been easier had she been less beautiful.

Only those who are capable of feeling or at least of understanding a love that through its own intensity becomes almost immaterial will be able to account for the infinite delicacy of such a feeling. Others will pass on with a smile of pity or a sneer of unbelief.

Compelled by circumstances to sacrifice the dreams of his life to the fulfilment his father's promise to a dying man and an orphan, Oliver was ready to make Don José's daughter his wife.

He was about to bestow his name upon Annunziata, or rather upon Carmen, but it was beyond his power to give her his heart, for it was no longer his own. Through an excessive sentiment of honor he resigned himself to break the pledge he had made to Dinorah, but he could have wished that the breach of his faith were more disagreeable, more painful, and harder to hear.

Oliver knew perfectly well how weak is the will even of the most resolute of men. He knew too the seductive power of a supremely beautiful and attractive woman. He distrusted himself and encountered with profound terror and anticipated remorse the possibilities of the future. He could not hide from himself that perhaps at some future hour a single heart's infidelity would accuse him in his own eyes and cause him to deceive Dinorah.

Such were the young man's thoughts. But there was no help for him. The situation must be accepted as it was, with all its perils.

One hope only remained. Perhaps the stranger would conceive no stronger affection for him than that of a sister for a brother. She might even be the first to oppose Philip Le Vaillant's cherished project of a union between his son and his friend's daughter.

If it only were so, thought Oliver, how he could love her! How dear a sister she would be to him, how loving a brother he to her! What a pleasure it would be to him to lavish his fortune on her, that she might aspire to a noble marriage.

How Fate delights in playing with her victims. A single word from Oliver would have settled the matter, and left him free to fulfil his promise to Dinorah. For the Gitana would have jumped at the offer of the fortune minus the husband, and Oliver was in earnest.

But before long the young man's sole hope faded away. Carmen had not been many days at Havre when in the course of her long conversations with the old merchant she took care to let drop a few unmistakable expressions of affection for his son.

Philip Le Vaillant, who was completely under the glamor of the Gitana's beauty and assumed affection, was charmed, and hastened to communicate the good news to Oliver.

"You are a lucky man, my boy. The most adorable creature in the world is in love with you. When does the marriage take place?"

Henceforth the young man's manner underwent a complete change. His last hope was gone, so he assumed a tone of gaiety that was very far from real. The somewhat forced politeness he had hitherto exhibited in Carmen's presence gave way to gallantry. And as though he were in a hurry to consummate his happiness he set about hastening the preparations for the wedding.

The day previous to the ceremony had come. The marriage contract was read in the family circle with all due solemnity. A fortune of two millions was settled on Don José's daughter. Oliver affixed his signature to the document with an air of complete happiness. Then he withdrew to his own room and gave way to the full bitterness of his feelings. We draw a veil over the young man's grief. It can better be imagined than described.

When the first paroxysm had passed away he sat down at his writing table and composed a last farewell to his beloved.

Here is the text of his letter:—

"My Own Beloved Dinorah,

"Do not blame me, do not curse me—pity me! I am the most miserable of men. My heart is



"THE VISITOR WAS A TALL MAN, FRIGHTFULLY LEAN, AND OF A MOST UNPREPOSSESSING APPEARANCE."

broken, my very reason totters. Inexorable fate compels me to give you up—you, my hope, my life!

"You swore to wait for me. Wait for me no longer, Dinorah, for unless by a miracle I shall never return.

"I return you the promise you gave me. I can not do otherwise for I must break the pledge which binds me to you. You are free—may you be happy. This is the only wish I have, the only favor I can henceforth ask of God. Forget the unhappy man who can never forget you, forget your love for him who will always love you.

"Farewell, Dinorah! farewell to my dream of happiness. How hard the word is to pronounce, after our hopes of a long life of happiness together.

"My fate is inflexible! Once more I repeat the fatal word, Farewell, wishing that I could die as I write it. But Heaven is pitiless, it condemns me to life."

Oliver folded the letter, sealed it with black, and directed it:

Miss Dinorah de Kerven

St. Nazaire

Brittany.

"Happy letter!" he murmured, pressing it to his lips. "You are going to her whom I shall never see again."

The wedding-day at last. The ceremony was to take place at noon with unusual pomp in the principal church of Havre.

Among the people of the city, where Philip Le Vaillant occupied the foremost rank, the marriage of his son was an event of the highest importance and was regarded as an occasion for public rejoicings.

The young man was born and had grown up in the midst of them. All the old people remembered having held him in their arms; all the young people were his friends; all the poor had

found a helper and comforter in him. Besides he was the sole heir to the old merchant's immense fortune.

Every one too was acquainted with the story of the friendship that had existed between Philip Le Vaillant and José Rovero, and all agreed that the union of the two children was all that could have been wished.

The few who had been introduced to Oliver's betrothed were loud in their praises of the young lady's extraordinary beauty. Public curiosity was raised to the highest pitch and it was only evident that the church would be too small to accommodate the crowd of eager sight-seers that would assemble on the occasion.

Already the embryo poets of the town had put the last touches to their epithalamiums, and the various guilds and corporations had prepared their bouquets and their complimentary addresses. For that day business was entirely suspended.

For the first time since her arrival Don José's daughter was to discard her mourning robes.

The feminine portion of the population could talk of nothing but the sumptuous trousseau of the bride; the gorgeous wedding dress, the skirt of which entirely disappeared under a heavy trimming of Alençon point, that alone was valued at 150,000 livres, set off with diamond loops. A pearl necklace, worth 200,000 livres, was to circle the bride's lovely neck, and diamond bracelets, worthy of a place among the crown jewels, were to encase her well rounded arms. Each of the diamond pins that were to fasten the wedding wreath had cost 25,000 livres at Boehmer's, the most famous jeweler in Paris.

Lace and jewels had cost more than six hundred thousand livres. And two millions more had been settled on the young bride. Philip Le Vaillant certainly did things on a royal scale of magnificence.

Let us take a peep into Carmen's room.

It was just nine o'clock. The former dancing girl was seated before a huge toilet-glass that was shrouded in lace. Two hand-maidens were weaving her hair into long and heavy plaits, for Carmen was justly proud of her magnificent tresses, and refused to submit to the barbarous usage which required that they should disappear under a heavy coating of powder.

In one corner of the room the wedding dress was spread out in all its glory on a chair.

The Gitana was buried in thought. Her eyes were fixed on the pile of diamonds and pearls strewn on the table before her, but she saw them without heeding them.

Just then her thoughts were wandering far away from Havre, and from the ceremony for which she was preparing. Her former life was passing in review before her. Once more she saw her childhood's days passed in misery and wretchedness on the streets and squares of Madrid, Granada and Seville; the sudden flight, with the reasons for which we are already acquainted; the arrival in Havana with her brother; her songs and dances in the streets of the Cuban capital; Tancred and Quirino, her marriage, the flight from Havana, the news of her widowhood, the voyage, the shipwreck, the death of Annunziata, and the point from which she began the infamous part which had succeeded so well—one scene rapidly followed another in her mind.

"At last," she thought, "my dreams are realized, far more than realized. In a few hours I shall be rich! the possessor for the present of two millions, and in the future of a princely fortune. With the power that such a fortune gives I can aim at anything. In my hands my husband will be but a puppet, the instrument where-with I can accomplish my ambitious schemes; for I am too beautiful not to be loved, and too clever not to rule the man who loves me. Can it be true? Is it possible? Am I not the subject of a strange hallucination?"

To convince herself of the reality of her situation she seized a handful of jewels from the table, and flashed the brilliants before the glass, bruising her delicate fingers with the rich settings.

Suddenly she started as a knock was heard at the door. One of the attendants went to see what was the matter.

"What is it?" asked Carmen eagerly, as the girl returned.

"Zephyr, Mr. Le Vaillant's man, says some one wants to see you, miss."

"Who is it?"

"A poor man, a beggar apparently. He seems to want to ask a favor of you."

"You said I could not see him?"

"Yes, miss."

A few minutes passed, and another knock was heard.

Carmen uttered an exclamation of impatience. The girl again left the room, but this time she remained away longer than before.

"What is the matter now?" asked Carmen on her return.

"Zephyr once more, miss. It seems that the man will not go away—"

Carmen frowned.

"He will not go away! a beggar, eh? Let them give him something and send him away."

"Zephyr wanted to do so, but he did not dare to."

"Why not?"

"Because the man says he comes from Havana, and that you know him, miss."

Carmen felt her heart stop beating, and the blood turn cold in her veins. Swift and stunning as a thunderbolt the thought had struck her:—He knows Annunziata; all is over then! But the Gitana's nature was well tempered. Like a good steel blade it bent only to rise again. The first thought that followed was:—If he is poor I can buy his silence.

"What shall I do, miss?" asked the girl.

"Bring the man in, and leave the room both of you."

XXXV.

A RECOGNITION.

Carmen rose from her chair, and went to one of the windows, where she leaned her burning forehead against the glass. She was unwilling to be seen, and recognized immediately by the stranger. She was above all unwilling that any cry of surprise should escape her in the presence of the servants.

The door was opened and the unknown entered. The two handmaidens had withdrawn, and Carmen was alone with her visitor. The latter was a tall man, frightfully lean, and of a most unprepossessing appearance. His dress consisted of a most wonderful collection of dirty rags.

The stranger stopped on the threshold and bowed. Three steps forward and bowed again, this time more humbly than before. Carmen did not move, so the stranger opened the conversation.

"Madam," he said in a cracked voice, the ludicrousness of which was heightened by a nasal twang, "I venture to hope that you will not refuse to recognize, in a wretched situation, a fellow-traveller who is now the most unfortunate of man—"

On hearing the stranger's voice Carmen started. The cloud disappeared from her face as if by enchantment; for an instant her face lit up.

"Master your surprise," she said quickly, disguising her voice as much as possible. "Be careful not to let the faintest exclamation of surprise escape you. If you are heard we are both lost."

Here she turned round.

The stranger started back, raised his hands, and opened mouth and eyes in astonishment.

"My sister!" he muttered.

"Hush!" whispered the girl, going swiftly up to him and holding out her hand. "Hush, my poor Morales!"

"Carmen!" continued the Spaniard. "Can I believe my eyes? Is it really you, Carmen?"

"For Heaven's sake, not that name!"

"Why not?"

"Because there is no such person."

"No such person!"

"No."

"And you say that when I see you, when I hear you talk, and when I hold your hand?"

"Come, come, Morales, you thought I was dead, did you not?"

"Yes, I thought so. And Heaven is my witness that I mourned you sincerely."

"What a good brother," said the girl ironically. "I did not expect less of you."—"Well," she continued, "your tears are not lost, Carmen is really dead, and you no longer have a sister, Morales."

"Who then are you, if you are not my sister?"

"Look at that dress," and she pointed at the white robe spread on the chair.

"It is a bridal dress."

"Yes."

"What does it mean?"

"It means that I am Annunziata Rovero, and that in an hour I shall be married to Oliver Le Vaillant, the sole heir to fifteen millions."

"You, Carmen," cried Morales, half guessing at the truth, "You, my sister!"

"I tell you once more that your sister is dead; that there is no such person as Carmen."

"I understand," said Morales, rubbing his hands, "and I beg to offer Don José's daughter my sincerest congratulations."

"I played my cards well, eh, Morales?"

"I should think so—to win a game for fifteen millions! It is sublime! But tell me how you did it."

"What have I to explain? The situation is as plain as possible. Annunziata was to marry Oliver Le Vaillant. So Annunziata, the sole survivor of the shipwreck, who was saved by a miracle, is married to her betrothed. Nothing could be more simple."

"You are right."

"And you, Morales?"

"I too was saved, as you see. It seems to me that you thought I was lost."

"Alas, yes!"

"And you mourned my loss?"

"A little."

"Well, you are straightforward, at all events. But I forgive you with all my heart. You had so much to occupy yourself with that you had no time to think of that poor devil, Morales. Now, what do you intend doing for me?"

"I hardly know yet. But within a few days I shall be able to find you a comfortable place in the house."

"Try to give me the stewardship of the property. It is a place that would suit me first-rate."

"I don't doubt it. But I take too great an interest in you to give you a chance of getting yourself hanged. I will take care that you have a good place with nothing to do. Don't be afraid, you will want for nothing."

"Then I count on you. The place will be all the more welcome as I have absolutely nothing in the world."

"What did you do with your money?"

"Now you are touching me in a sore place. Here is my story. It is short and sad. When I threw myself into the sea on the night of the shipwreck, I was tied to a henceop. Inside the coop was a small cask which contained my treasure. To all appearances we should have sunk or floated together."

"The notion was worthy of you. And then?"

"During the whole of the day that followed the loss of the 'Marsouin,' we floated, the coop the cask, and I, tossed hither and thither by the waves, which carried us far away from the wreck. Although my cork belt and coop kept

be pretty well above water, I was exhausted with fatigue, hunger, and thirst, besides being frozen to the marrow. Already I had given myself up for lost when I saw land a little distance away. The sight restored my courage a little. Collecting all my strength I swam for the shore. I had almost reached it—there was only a reef to cross—when unfortunately a wave threw me

on a rock. I lost all consciousness. When I recovered I was lying on the sand, whither I had been thrown by the waves. But alas! the henceop had been smashed to pieces on the rocks, and my cask, consequently, containing every penny I owned in the world, was at the bottom of the sea."

"Poor Morales," said Carmen half pityingly and half sarcastically.

"Ah, you have reason to say poor Morales, for I had not a penny left and I was in Spain where I might have been discovered and punished for the numerous peccadilloes of my younger days. What could I do? I had often heard, on board the 'Marsouin,' of the generosity of Philip Le Vaillant. I resolved to go to Havre to apply to him for assistance. I set out at once. I traversed the whole of France on foot, begging my way. I arrived at Havre, this morning, broken with fatigue and privation. I learned with profound astonishment that I was not the sole survivor of our shipwreck and that Annunziata was to be married this very day to the son of the shipowner. Convinced that she would receive Don Guzman Morales y Tulpano, the brother of Madame de Najac, I asked to be admitted to her presence. I have now the honor to stand before her."

"I have listened to you with interest," said Carmen. "Now listen to me."

"I am all ears."

"You will admit that however cunning you may be, I am still more clever than you are."

"I allow that with all my heart. Your plan to become Madame de Najac was really superb and the magnificent business which you are terminating to-day is a masterpiece."

"Then you consent to be ruled by me?"

"Entirely. Only answer me one question."

"Namely?"

"Will you make my fortune?"

"I will make your fortune!"

"Very well. I abandon myself to you. Dispose of Morales as you will."

"You will go out of this house without speaking to any one, and without answering any question which the servants may put to you."

"I will be deaf and dumb."

"On the harbor there is a modest inn that I have remarked more than once in passing. Its sign is a silver anchor. You will put up there, after having dressed yourself in a suitable manner. You will live comfortably. Have all you want, but do not attract attention to yourself."

"That is easily done."

"Go out as little as possible. Avoid curious people, and manage so that no one will suspect that you come from Havana, that you were on the 'Marsouin,' or that you are acquainted with me."

"I will take care. But may I ask what is the object of all these precautions."

"You would never guess. However, I will tell you. I do not yet know what story I shall have to tell about you, and under what pretext I can bring you to my husband's father-in-law. So it is important that you should not let fall any imprudent expressions which might be used to contradict my story."

"Right! you are always right."

"As soon as possible I shall find the means to communicate with you, and to let you know what course you are to take."

"I shall wait patiently, and you may be sure that I will carry out to the letter any instructions you may send me."

"In that case all will go well. Now, señor Don Guzman, farewell, or rather, to the pleasure of seeing you again. For the time fixed for the wedding is at hand. My toilet is not finished

and my waiting-women will be surprised at the length of our interview."

"Miss Annunziata thinks she has provided for everything," said Morales, smiling, "and yet she has forgotten one thing of the highest importance."

"What is that?"

"To give me some money."

"You are right."

Carmen went to a table, that was covered with jewels and trinkets, some of the wedding presents.

Among the heap of objects remarkable for their richness or their elegance, there was a square casket, of polished steel, with band of chiselled silver.

Carmen opened this casket.

It was full of new pieces of gold, amounting to a hundred thousand francs.

Philip Le Vaillant had himself brought them to his son's bride after the signing of the contract.

"Hold out your hands!" said Carmen to Morales.

The Gitano did not wait to be told twice.

The young woman took a handful of gold and laid them in the palms of her brother.

"Now you have all you want?" said Carmen.

"Yes—at least for the present."

"Go now quickly, for time presses."

"Only one word more."

"Well?"

"Do you authorize me to witness your marriage *incognito*?"

"On the contrary, I positively forbid you to be present."

"That's a pity—I should have wished—but I will obey."

"You must."

"Write me as soon as possible."

"I will."

"Au revoir, Annunziata!"

"Au revoir, Don Guzman."

As soon as he has gone, Carmen said to her two women.

"Finish my toilet."

She sat down and yielded her splendid hair to the dexterous manipulations of the maids.

When the work was done, it was half-past ten o'clock, and the invited guests were arriving in the parlors.

Carmen let fall her dressing gown and put on her bridal dress, with the help of the women. Then going to the glass, she mirrored herself in its crystal depths. A smile rippled on her lips, a light flashed in her eyes.

"Yes," she murmured, "I am beautiful."

A servant entered, inquiring whether she was ready to receive Mr. Philip and Mr. Oliver.

"Let them enter," she answered. "They are welcome."

XXXVI.

CONSUMMATUM EST.

From the adjoining room, the old man and his son heard the word of invitation and immediately entered.

For the first time they saw Oliver's bride clad in other than those trailing garments of mourning which added so much to her persuasive beauty.

Carmen, in her white bridal robes, Carmen with arms and shoulders bare, Carmen crowned with flowers and adorned with jewels whose immense value did not exclude simplicity of design, Carmen transfigured and radiant, appeared before them like a dream, a madonna, the complete realization of the most impossible ideal.

The looks of the young woman and of Oliver met. One was charged with a tender languor and an amorous electricity. The other expressed a fond and ardent admiration.

Oliver dropped his eyes. He was troubled in mind, and he whispered to himself:

"I am a coward and a felon. My heart, which is not mine is already flying to the enchantress. Oh! Dinorah! Dinorah, my beloved, I am unworthy of you. Forgive me, for I have betrayed you."

Meantime Carmen went forward to meet Philip Le Vaillant.

"Father," she murmured, in the act of kneeling before him, "bless me. I am to become your daughter. And I am worthy of this great happiness by my love for you."

And she added loud enough that Oliver might hear:

"And for him."

The old man did not give Carmen time to kneel. He bent over her, raised her up, pressed her in his arms and covered her forehead and cheeks with his kisses.

"Oh! my dear child, your place is not at my feet, but on my heart whose love you share with my son Oliver. The blessing which you ask, I give with all my soul. I will owe you the happiness of my declining years, for the dream of my life is being fulfilled. This is the happiest of all my days. Alas! that your father is not here to partake of our mutual joy."

"My father," muttered Carmen, "he beholds us from on high. He blesses us. He thanks you."

A considerable silence ensued, and the tears flowed from the eyes of Philip Le Vaillant. Finally, he exclaimed:

"O Annunziata, but you are beautiful!"

"If what you say is true," replied Carmen, "I am glad of it for his sake."

Oliver took the hand of Carmen and bore it to his lips, against which it pressed palpitating and feverish.

The touch of that perfumed hand increased his agitation of the youth and sent the blood up

bubbling to his brain. It seemed to him that he had drunk a philter, or a draught of those waters of Lethe which bring on pleasant forgetfulness.

Still Oliver did not forget Dinorah. Her image still floated, however dimly, before his vision.

"My daughter, my Annunziata," resumed Philip, "the hour approaches. Our friends and relatives await your presence with impatience. Are you ready and will you join them?"

"I am ready, father, and whatever you desire, I desire also."

The old man offered his hand to Carmen and in the company of her and Oliver, he descended the magnificent stairway covered with velvet carpet and fragrant flowers, crossed an antichamber where a double row of lackeys, stood in line and penetrated into the reception rooms where a large number of the most important persons of the town and neighborhood was assembled.

On the entrance of Carmen, a murmur of wonder and admiration ran around the apartment. She was so radiant, so dazzling, so evidently superior in beauty to all about, that even the ladies present forgot to be jealous of her. On the other hand, all the gentlemen envied the lot of Oliver.

Among the guests, the one on whom the beauty of Carmen made the deepest impression was the Marquis George de Grancey, Governor of the City of Havre, for His Majesty Louis XV. The marquis was only twenty years of age, rich, brilliant, fascinating. He approached Philip Le Vaillant and asked to be presented to Carmen without further delay.

Carmen had already noticed him.

"He must be a courtisan," she said. "He resembles no other man I have ever seen. Tanned was only a gentleman. This is a great lord. And I dreamed that I should become the wife of a great lord. Oliver is ten times a millionaire, but he is not even noble."

And the young woman sighed.

The hour approached. It was half-past eleven. The ceremony, as we know, was to take place at noon.

The bells of the church were ringing. The workmen in the yards of Philip Le Vaillant fired blunderbusses. The ship in the harbor were gay with bunting. All the inhabitants were in the streets to see the procession pass.

Carmen, Philip, Oliver and the Governor of the City took their seats on the velvet cushions of the superb coach and the triumphant march to the church was opened. The journey occupied considerable time, but at length the sacred vestibule was reached. The Marquis de Grancey alighted the first and offering his hand to Carmen conducted her to the sculptured *prie-dieu* which awaited her at the chancel railing.

The crowd poured into the church and talked in a low voice.

"She is a madonna!" said some.

"She is a goddess!" said others.

"She is a wonder!" was the general remark.

And they all added:

"How happy Oliver Le Vaillant must be."

The wedding mass began. The Bishop of Rouen had come to Havre expressly to celebrate it. The organ thundered; the perfumed incense rose in spirals; the voices of the chanters filled the nave with harmony.

At length, the prelate advancing toward the young couple, demanded whether they mutually and freely accepted each other as husband and wife.

"Yes," replied Oliver.

"Yes," replied Carmen.

The Bishop murmured the sacramental words and added:

"You are united before God. Love one another."

These words were followed by a little sermon, simple and appropriate. Then the ceremony was over, and the parties, followed by a large number of friends, went to the vestry to sign the register.

All was done.

Carmen the dancing girl, Carmen the widow of Tancred de Najac, had, under the name of Annunziata Rovero, enchainé to her life the existence of Oliver Le Vaillant.

Morales, hidden behind a pillar, had assisted at the marriage, spite of the formal prohibition of his sister.

When the ceremony was concluded, he rubbed his hands and returned to the *Silver Anchor*.

"Carmen has been working for both of us," he said. "Caramba! I am now a millionaire."

(To be continued.)

A VENETIAN GHOST STORY.

WE were travelling in Italy, my friend Paul Riverston and myself; our time was our own, we had well-filled purses, we were both blessed with the same tastes—a love for the poetical and beautiful in every phase—a love for the fine arts; and we enjoyed our tour exceedingly.

It was in the month of May, we reached Venice—I am not going to describe it—the city of the silent waters; my story only relates to something strange I heard there.

I am not actually a believer in ghosts; the vulgar legends of haunted houses, rappings by night, &c., I utterly despise; but I do not, and cannot doubt, at times, spirits from another world revisit this. There are too many well-authenticated stories of such associations for me to doubt it; and this old Venetian legend that has been told for generations past must, according to human evidence, be true.

Paul Riverston and I were exploring, one day; we had passed in our gondola through silent waters, deep, dark, and cool—we were out of the ordinary track of tourists. We came at last to a very ancient palace; the front was one mass of magnificent sculpture, the water flowed under the tall, dark archways—there was something so old, so desolate, so strange, and so picturesque about it that I turned at once to our boatman. I must explain that Paul and I spoke Italian well.

"What building is that?" I asked. He shrugged his shoulders. "The Palazzo Carini," he replied; "it is one of the oldest in Venice."

"Why is it empty—why is it falling into decay?"

"The Carinis no longer live there, signor. It has not been inhabited for some generations past. There is an old retainer of the family residing there now. When the Carinis pension off their servants, they send them to the palace. Sometimes there are three or four living there; at present there is but one."

We had drawn nearer to the palace and could see the magnificent carvings of fruit, flowers, fawns, and satyrs. Our gondola stood under the dark, frowning archway.

"I should like to see the palace, Paul," I said.

The boatman shrugged his shoulders.

It was such a sad place—so sad, so dark, so dreary for a bright summer's day—he thought the signor would not care for it; besides, there was a ghost story belonging to it—a strange, weird story that frightened everyone away.

"The very thing I should like to hear. I know a hundred English ghost stories. I never heard one in Italy," said Paul.

"Old Nicoli will show you the palace," said the boatman. "I will wait for you at some little distance in the blessed sunshine, where ghosts do not come."

I must confess to a feeling of awe as we passed under the grim portals, and our footsteps sounded in the quiet, desolate place; the very sound of our voices seemed to reverberate and re-echo with a ghostly noise. It was so dark, so silent, the lofty rooms were all quiet as death itself, the rich tapestry hung in tatters, the few pictures looked mouldy, the old-fashioned furniture, of which there was very little left, was all worm-eaten.

"You wish to go over the palace, signor," said old Nicoli. "It is a sad sight, all ruin and desolation and death."

He looked very woebegone, this ancient servant, but he brightened up at the sight of the handsome gratuity dropped into his hand by Paul.

He took us through long vaulted halls, through mouldering rooms, and we came at last into what had evidently been a picture gallery, some few portraits of ancient Venetian counsellors in their robes of state, of ladies in court attire; at the end of the gallery there was a picture covered with green baize.

"What is that?" I asked, touching the cover as though to undraw it.

"Do not touch that!" cried Nicoli. "Do not look at that picture, signor!"

"What is it?" I asked.

"It is the portrait of the most illustrious the Princess Elinore Carini, who was considered the loveliest lady in Venice."

"Then by all means let me see it." He stoutly refused.

"Why will you not?" I asked, almost angrily.

"Because, sir," he said, solemnly, "after she was dead, she came back to this world again."

I did not laugh; there was something in the desolate and solitary aspect of the place, in the solemn look on the man's face, that took all inclination to smile for me.

"I have no fear," I said; "and I would give much to see the picture."

He slowly undrew the long green curtain, and we gazed upon a face of almost divine beauty. The face of a young girl, so lovely, so fair, that we looked on it with reverent eyes, as one gazes upon a pictured angel's face. I could not describe it; there was something of patrician loveliness, of almost regal command, mingled with the sweetest and most winning grace. The perfect face was crowned by a wealth of golden hair, it fell down her white shoulders like a glittering veil.

We looked long, with silent admiration.

"You say she came back again after she died?" I asked.

"She did indeed, sir; not one, but dozens of people saw her."

"Will you tell me the story, I should like to hear it so much," said Paul.

He consented, after a time, and as I heard it, I give it to you—not in old Nicoli's language. You will find the same story, too, amongst the legends of Venice.

Long years ago, the young Prince Luigi Carini succeeded to the title and estates of his father. He was one of the wealthiest and handsomest young men in Italy, and there was much wonder among the Venetian maidens as to whom he would ask to share his heart and name. There were two young ladies then in Venice, who bore the palm from all others. One was Beatrice D'Isola, the other Elinore D'Alicante, Beatrice had a true Venetian face, dark, passionate, and splendid; Elinore was called the Star of Venice, for she had a face as fair as an English rose, and golden hair, that shone like sunbeams.

The young prince loved the Lady Elinore best, and he married her and took her home to the palace, at that time one of the most magnificent in Venice. They were exceedingly happy,

and Lady Beatrice showed no jealousy or anger because her fairer rival had won the day.

They gave grand balls and fêtes—all Venice loved the lovely and gracious young princess; her husband worshipped her, and they were universally cited as the happiest people known.

In time, the Princess Elinore had a little son, a most lovely child, who had his father's dark eyes and his mother's golden curls. There is a picture still extant in one of the Italian galleries, of the princely father, the lovely young mother, and the beautiful child.

He was a very sensitive child, strange to say, for he came of a knightly race; he was nervous, easily frightened, terrified almost into convulsions at the darkness or any sudden noise.

How tenderly the young princess loved him, how carefully she guarded him from all fears, how she sang him to sleep with soft lullabies, clasping him in her own white arms. His little crib was placed by her side, that in the night she might look at him and touch him.

It was beautiful to see how the little fellow loved his mother.

"Mamma! mamma!" he would cry holding out his pretty hands. "I love you—I love you!" He would hide his curly head in his mother's neck: "I love you mamma." He thought of nothing else.

There came a sad day for Venice—a day when a bad fever broke out, and carried the people away by hundreds. The lovely young Princess Elinore was the first almost to sicken of it. How they fought against it; how they summoned in hot haste the cleverest doctors, the most skilful of nurses; but all was in vain—the fiat had gone forth—she must die.

Her senses came to her perfectly before she died. Her husband, half mad with sorrow, was kneeling by her side. She held out her hands to him.

"Darling," she said. "Caro mio, you have been very good to me, and I have been very happy. You will let me see my little one, my little Leo, before I die?"

He told her yes, she should see the child. The sun was setting, and the last golden rays lingered on the lovely dying face.

"Luigi," she whispered, "I love you very much, and I grieve to leave you; but you are young yet, dearest, and you will, perhaps, when your first sorrow is over, find someone to take my place; but no one, no woman in all the wide world can take my place with little Leo; no one can love him so much, or be so careful of him—he is so nervous, so delicate. Oh, Luigi, my heart is heavy to leave. Caro mio, will you make to me one sweet, sacred promise?"

"I will," he sobbed.

"If in the after-years someone comes here to take my place, will you swear to me that you will make her be kind to my little Leo—swear it on this cross?"

"I swear it!" he said. "I shall never marry again, Elinore; but if, as you say, in the after-years, I should do so, then I swear to you Leo shall be my first care."

She thanked him with loving words, and the dying eyes were turned eagerly to watch for her child.

"Mamma! mamma!" he was heard crying, and when the door was opened he ran into the room, ran with his little outstretched hands to his mother's side.

"Mamma, are you going away? Take me with you—take me with you."

He sobbed out the words, hiding his little face on the loving breast that should pillow it no more.

"Oh, take me with you!" he cried.

With all her feeble strength she gathered him in her arms, and raised his face to hers. The death-damp lay on her brow; her soul seemed to be fluttering at her lips.

"I cannot, my darling," she gasped, "I would if I could; but, Leo, Leo, after I am gone, if you are very unhappy, call me, sweet, call me, and I will come. I would burst all bonds to get to you. Call me—cry 'Mamma'—and I shall hear you."

Then the feeble arms relaxed their hold.

"You will remember, Luigi?" she whispered.

"I will remember, my wife, my love," and then she bent her fair young head and died.

How he grieved for her all Venice knows. For many days his life was despaired of. And she was laid to rest in the gloomy old family vault of the Carinis. This vault was about five minutes' walk from the palace; there was a bridge to cross to get to it; the water did not reach it; and there the lovely young Princess Elinore was laid to rest.

Three years afterwards, when little Leo was nearly six years old, the young prince married again. He espoused the Lady Beatrice, and brought her home to the palace, as he had done his first wife.

The Princess Beatrice was very beautiful, but very haughty. No one loved her as they had done the gentle Lady Elinore. She was passionately attached to her husband; she loved him with the deepest love, but she hated the child who had his mother's golden hair—hated him with fierce, hot hatred.

On the day when Prince Carini brought the Lady Beatrice home, he took her to the nursery where the child was at play.

"Leo," he said, "come and kiss your mamma."

His heart misgave him when he saw the rapture of joy that flashed in the little face. The child made one bound, thinking his own mother had come back again,

Then he looked with blank, dim eyes into the dark face.

"It is not mamma," he said; "my own mamma had a face like an angel, and hair like gold."

The little fellow turned quietly away with quivering lips, and Prince Carini took him in his arms, and covered his face with passionate kisses.

From that moment she hated him with a deep, deadly hate. It was never shown before the prince, seldom before the servants. The prince never dreamed of it, the servants knew it well. To his father, she affected great zeal for his education; she made rules which seemed very wise to him, but he knew perfectly well she could never carry them out. She affected to be most reluctant to punish him, but when the rules were broken punished he must be.

Does it seem unnatural that a woman should torture a child? Ah me, there is nothing, there is no one, so cruel under the wide heavens as a second wife jealous of a first wife's child.

There is no meanness, no cruelty such a woman does not descend to. She, the Princess Beatrice Carini, condescended to torture her dead rival's child. She soon found out that he was nervous and easily frightened. Under pretence of talking to him, she told him frightful stories of goblins that hid themselves behind the curtains of the bed, of headless ladies in white robes who walked wailing and wringing their hands. Then she would send him on an errand, and if terrified to death at meeting one of these ladies, he hesitated, she punished him. She complained of him to the Prince, affecting much reluctance, but the boy was stubborn, she said, and disobedient.

"Give him some light punishment," said Prince Luigi.

"To tell you the truth, Luigi, I could not speak harshly to the little fellow."

"Beatrice, I love him too much. He has his mother's face."

Her hate leaped up to burning fury then, but she smiled a calm, deadly smile.

"I shall be sorry to hurt him," she said, "but I really think a little discipline needful for him."

Ah me, how she punished him! How she left deep, red marks on the thin, white arms. She had taken him into her own room, saying it was by the Prince's desire she did so. The nurses cried shame; and when she thought his cries might reach Luigi's ears, she sent him away.

That night Prince Luigi had a strange dream. He was lying in bed fast asleep, when the door of his chamber opened, and a bright light shone in the room. Then through the open door came his beloved wife Elinore, not dressed in a shroud, as he had seen her last, but wearing a white, flowing garment, her shining hair lying like a veil around her. She went straight up to him and bent her lovely face over him.

"Luigi," she whispered, "you have not kept your oath. You have brought some one in my place, but she is not kind to little Leo, she is very cruel, and I cannot bear it. I cannot rest. You must see to it."

The next moment she was gone. He woke up in a terrible fright. Ah! thank God, it was only a dream. He accounted for it by remembering how sorry he had felt yesterday when little Leo was punished.

And yet the vision was so vivid; it was Elinore's face—Elinore's voice. He resolved to see into it.

"Beatrice," he asked the next morning of his haughty wife, "are you kind to the little one?"

She looked at him with a smile.

"What a strange question, caro. Could I be anything but kind to a son of yours? Why do you ask me?"

"I felt uneasy about him. You love him, Beatrice, do you not?"

"Most certainly I do. Is he not your son, and poor Elinore's? I loved Elinore."

"Because, if you find him troublesome, I will send him away. I should not like your patience to be tried with him."

"My patience is not so easily disturbed," she said. "The child is like all other children, Luigi; he is no better and no worse. Still, as you know, he must be curbed. He has faults as well as virtues; his faults must be corrected."

"Yes, that is right enough. Do you think the servants are all kind to him?"

"They spoil him in the most absurd fashion possible," she replied. "More than half his faults spring from their over-indulgence. Will you tell me what has disturbed you, Luigi?"

"Only a dream," he replied. "I dreamt that Elinore came to me, and said her little son was not treated kindly."

The beautiful face grew livid with anger. It was not enough to have the dead woman's son growing up the beloved heir to her husband's place and name; it was not enough to know that the dead wife must be loved far better than she would ever be, but she must be annoyed with ridiculous dreams. Did it soften her heart towards the unfortunate child? alas! no. Her insane hate seemed redoubled. She dare not show it so openly, but it burned with fiercer violence than ever.

At length Prince Carini was obliged to leave home on business for some few days—he was going to Turin. He bade his little son "good-bye," with many tears.

"You will be good Leo—good and obedient, then I will bring you a little pony, and you shall ride."

He had better have left the hapless child in the jaws of a cruel wolf than in the hands of a jealous stepmother.

The little fellow was put to bed by his nurses

at the proper time, and they, finding him asleep, went downstairs; but Leo awoke, and remembering his papa was gone, began to cry and sob most bitterly.

Madame La Princesse, passing down the grand staircase, heard him. She went into his room; he was terrified at her, and cried louder than ever when he saw her. She told him quietly to cease crying—the little fellow sobbed all the louder.

"I shall lock you up in the room alone, if you do not," she said.

He screamed with terror at the thought of it, and the princess kept her word. She took away the lamp and locked his door. She went to the nurses and told them what she had done. "He must be taught not to cry in that babyish way," she said; then Madame went to her own room. The servants grew desperate, for the screams of the terrified child were terrible to hear.

"I shall burst the door open," said the nurse, "even if I lose my place for it."

Then they heard the little voice calling in its agony of fear.

"Mamma! mamma! you said you would come, and I am afraid. Oh, mamma, do come!"

No need to burst open the door—she had said she would break all bonds, and she did so.

"Mamma!" cried the child, and the terrified servants stood gasping and breathless. People crossing the bridge saw the white figure with its glittering veil of golden hair, not walking, but rather floating over the ground—a white figure, with its hands crossed on its breast, and a light on its face. A man standing close to the entrance of the Carini Vaults saw it come out of the door. It passed quietly and calmly along under the tall, dark archway, through the midst of the group of gossiping servants, who knew her at once—their well-loved mistress, the Lady Elinore—through the long vaulted hall, up the wide marble staircase to the door of the room, where the terrified child lay screaming.

"Mamma! mamma!"

"I am here!" said a voice they all remembered.

In trembling awe and wonder they had followed her, herding closely together. They saw her touch the door—the lock gave away; they heard the weeping stilled, the child's cry of delight; and then for one moment there was silence. The next, Lady Elinore came out of the room with the child tightly clasped in her arms, his little golden head pillowed on her breast. Slowly and gently she passed down. On the broad staircase, the princess running up to see what caused the strange uproar, met the dead mother holding the child in her arms. The princess fell down in a swoon; the white figure passed on through the archway—over the bridge, where people watched in horror as it passed by—into the vault, the door of which closed slowly after it. The terrified servants, drawn as it were by a spell, followed, and each one saw the figure of Lady Elinore re-enter the vault from whence it came.

A panic not to be described fell upon the whole city. At first people would have it that it was a hoax—that the child was missing. They sent in hot haste for the prince. The prince, the bishop, and the civil authorities entered the vault together. The story must be true, for the lid was no longer on Lady Elinore's coffin; but she lay there, beautiful yet, and, clasped in her arms, his little head pillowed on her breast, his little hands holding her tightly, lay Leo, the heir of the Carinis.

The prince bent down and tried to remove the child. No human power could do it, and the wonder was witnessed by the whole city. They made a larger coffin, and let mother and child together.

Prince Luigi never looked upon the face of Beatrice again. At his death the estates passed into the hands of a distant kinsman, and, on account of that ghostly visitation, the palace has been uninhabited ever since.

I cannot account for the story. Paul and I heard it, and I believed it is true. We came away from the desolate old palace with heavy hearts.

There are more things possible than we know of. Who shall say that God did not permit that poor mother to return and take her only and beloved child from those cruel hands? I have always believed since I heard it that there will be heavy vengeance against those who ill-use a child.

LUXURY DEFENDED.

There is nothing else in this world quite so reasonable as luxury. It means pure air and delicate food, and swift and silent service at table, which leaves one able to listen and free to talk and safe to sparkle. It means having our friends about us when we need them, and the ability to fly from them to the ends of the earth when we need that, as we often do. It means that when we come out of theatre or concert, or fashionable church even, "sad from the breath of that diviner mood, that loftier air," (?) into the decidedly nether air of the tri-mountain streets, we are not to risk our precious and significant lives by breasting the bitter north wind and allowing it to buffet our exhausted lungs, but rather step into a cushioned carriage and roll softly and safely away. And if that carriage is one's own, and so one is tolerably sure that no infection is lurking in its broadcloth, how much better still! Again, there is the luxury of giving. How can you, a creature all benevolence—whereof I am a single monument—overlook that?

AFTER MANY DAYS.

Sad autumn winds are through the elm trees sighing—

Their troubled spirit pleadeth with a moan;
Dead leaves and broken sprays are round me lying,

And I stand here alone—
Alone, with heart that acheth, sick and weary;
Alone, with soul that knoweth not its ways;
Alone, with anguished thought, and mocking dreary—

Thus, after many days.

They told me of a stranger vessel sailing
Unto these shores—the saviour of a crew;
But, after prayers and watchings unavailing,
Life weak and hopeless grew.
Break, woeful heart, and cease thy cruel throbbing;

The beating waves keep count unto thy pain!
Yet do I hear at times within their sobbing
A sweet and pitying strain.

And in such dreams as these a voice of duty
Quelleth the fear and husheth all the strife;
Yea, I can trust the hour's mysterious beauty—
There is such change in life!

A ship! O heart, wherewith is strength to bind thee?

The breeze no longer maketh sorrowed lays!
Great joy—my yearning's hope—'tis thus I find thee!

Thus—after many days!

CURRIED COW.

My Aunt Patience, who tilled a small farm in Badger County, State of Michigan, had a favorite cow. She was not a good cow, nor a profitable one, because, instead of employing a part of her leisure in the secretion of milk and the production of veal, she concentrated all her faculties upon the study of kicking. In that business she embarked her entire intellectual and muscular capital. She would kick all day, and get up in the dead waste and middle of the night to kick. She would kick anything—hens, pigs, gate posts, loose stones, birds in the air, and fish jumping out of the water; all were equal in the sight of this impartial beef—all similarly deserving of a lift heavenward. I have often thought that when Dryden wrote of some one who "raised a mortal to the skies," he had my aunt's cow in his prophetic soul; for she was always doing it, more or less. It was a choice delight to see her open a passage for herself through a populous barn-yard. She would flash out right and left, first with one hind-foot and then with the other, and would sometimes have a large and select assortment of domestic animals in the air at one time.

Her kicks, too, were as admirable in quality as inexhaustible in quantity. They were unspeakably superior to those of the untutored kine who had not made the art a life study—mere amateurs, who kicked "by ear," as they say in music. I saw her once standing in the road, professedly fast asleep, and mechanically munching her cud with a sort of Sunday morning lassitude as one munches one's cud in a dream. Snoutting about at her side, blissfully unconscious of impending danger, and wrapped up in thoughts of his sweetheart, was a gigantic black hog—a hog of about the size and general appearance of a rhinoceros. Suddenly, while I looked—without a visible movement on the part of the cow—with never a perceptible tremor of her frame, nor a lapse in the placid regularity of her chewing—that hog had gone away from there—had utterly taken his leave. But away towards the pale horizon a minute black speck was traversing the empyrean with the speed of a meteor, and in a moment had disappeared, without audible report, beyond the distant hills. This is the kind of cow she was.

Currying cows is not, I think, a common practice, even in Michigan; but as this one had never needed milking, of course she had to be subjected to some equivalent form of persecution; and irritating her skin with a currycomb was thought as disagreeable an attention as a thoughtful affection could devise. At least she thought it so; though I suspect her mistress really meant it for the good creature's temporal advantage. Anyhow, my aunt always made it a condition to the employment of a farm-servant that he should curry the cow every morning; but after just enough trials to convince himself that it was not a sudden spasm, nor a mere local disturbance, the man would always give notice of an intention to quit by pounding the beast half-dead with some foreign body, and then limping home to his couch. I don't know how many men the creature removed from my aunt's employ in this way, but judging from the quantity of lame persons in that part of the country, I should say a good many; though some of the lameness may have been taken at second-hand from the original sufferers by their descendants, and some may have come by contagion.

I think my aunt's was a faulty system of agriculture. It is true her farm labour cost her nothing, for the labourers all left her service before any salary had accrued; but, as the cow's fame spread abroad, through the several states and territories, it became increasingly difficult to obtain hands; and, after all, the favorite was but imperfectly curried. It was currently remarked that that cow had kicked the farm to pieces—a rude metaphor, implying that the

land was not properly cultivated, nor the buildings and fences kept in adequate repair. It was useless to remonstrate, with my aunt; she would concede everything, amending nothing. Her late husband had attempted to reform the abuse in this manner, and had had the argument all his own way until he had remonstrated himself into an early grave; and the funeral was delayed more than an hour, until a fresh undertaker could be procured, the one originally engaged having confidently undertaken to curry the cow at the request of the widow.

Since that time my Aunt Patience had not been in the matrimonial market; the love of that cow had usurped in her heart the place of a more natural and profitable affection. But when she saw her seeds unsown, her harvests ungarnished, her fences overtopped with rank brambles, and her meadows gorgeous with the towering Canada thistle, she thought it best to take a partner.

When it transpired that my Aunt Patience intended wedlock, there was intense popular excitement. Every adult single male became at once a marrying man. The criminal statistics of Badger County show that in that single year more marriages occurred than in any decade before or since. But none of them were my aunt's. Men married their cooks, their laundresses, their deceased wives' mothers, their sisters—married whomsoever would wed; and any man who, by fair means or courtship, could not obtain a wife, went before a justice of the peace, and made an affidavit that he had some wives in Indiana. Such is the force of example in Badger County.

Now, where my Aunt Patience's affection was concerned she was, as the reader will have already surmised, a rather determined woman; and the extraordinary marrying epidemic having left but one eligible male in all that county, she set her heart upon that one eligible male, then went and carted him to her home. He turned out to be a long Methodist parson, named Huggins I believe though I have had a multitude of uncles in my time, and never a discriminating memory. Aside from his unconscionable length, the Rev. Berosus Huggins was not so bad a fellow, and was nobody's fool. He was, I suppose, the most ill-favoured mortal, however, in the whole northern half of America—thin, angular, cadaverous of visage, and solemn out of all reason. He commonly wore a low-crowned black hat, set so far down upon his head as to partially eclipse his eyes and wholly obscure the ample glory of his ears. The only other visible article of his attire (except a brace of wrinkled cowskin boots, by which the word "polish" would have been considered the meaningless fragment of a lost language) was a tight-fitting black frock-coat, preternaturally long in the waist, and the skirts of which fell about his heels, sopping up the dew. This he always wore snugly buttoned from the throat downwards. In this attire he cut a tolerably spectral figure. His aspect was so conspicuously unnatural and uneven that whenever he went into a cornfield, the predatory crows would temporarily forsake their business to settle upon him in swarms, fighting for the best seats about his person, by way of testifying their content for the shallow devices of the husbandman.

The day after the wedding my Aunt Patience summoned the Rev. Berosus to the council-chamber, and uttered her mind to the following intent:

"Now, Huggy, dear, I'll tell you what there is to do about the place. First, you must repair all the fences, clearing out the weeds and repressing the brambles with a strong hand. Then you will have to exterminate the Canada thistles, mend the wagon, rig up a plough or two, and get things into ship-shape generally. This will keep you out of mischief for the better part of two years; of course you will have to give up preaching, for the present. As soon as you have—Oh! I forgot poor Phoebe. She—"

"Mrs. Huggins," interrupted her solemn spouse, "I shall hope to be the means, under Providence, of effecting all needful reforms in the husbandry of this farm. But the sister you mention (I trust she is not of the world's people)—have I the pleasure of knowing her? The name, indeed, sounds familiar, but—"

"Not know Phoebe! cried my aunt, with unforgotten astonishment; "I thought everybody in Badger knew Phoebe. Why, you will have to scratch her legs every blessed morning of your natural life!"

"I assure you, madam," rejoined the Rev. Berosus, with dignity, "it would afford me a sacred pleasure to administer to the spiritual needs of Sister Phoebe, to the extent of my feeble and unworthy ability; but, really, I fear the merely secular ministrations of which you speak must be entrusted to abler, and I would respectfully suggest, feminine hands."

"Why, youuu, oooold fooooool!" replied my aunt, spreading her eyes with unbounded amazement, "Phoebe is a cow!"

"In this case," said the husband, with unruffled composure, "it will, of course, devolve upon me to see that her carnal welfare is properly attended to; and I shall be happy to bestow upon her legs such time as I may, without sin, snatch from my strife with Satan and the Canada thistles."

With that the Rev. Mr. Huggins crowded his hat upon his shoulders, pronounced a brief benediction upon his bride, and betook himself to the barn-yard.

Now, it is necessary to explain that he had known perfectly well from the first who Phoebe was and was familiar from hearsay with all her sinful traits. Moreover, he had already done himself the honour of paying her a visit

remaining in the vicinity of her person, just out of range, for more than an hour, and permitting her to survey him at her leisure from every point of the compass. In short, he and Phoebe had mutually reconnoitered and prepared for action.

Amongst the articles of comfort and luxury which went to make up the good parson's dot, and which his wife had already caused to be conveyed to his new home, was a patent cast-iron pump, about seven feet high. This had been deposited near the barn-yard, preparatory to being set up on the planks above the barn yard well. Mr. Huggins now sought out this invention, and conveying it to its destination, put it into position, screwing it firmly to the planks. He next divested himself of his long gaberline and his hat, buttoning the former loosely about the pump, which it almost concealed, and hanging the latter upon the summit. The handle of the pump, when depressed, curled outward between the skirts of the coat, singularly like a tail; but, with this trifling exception, any unprejudiced observer would have pronounced the thing Mr. Huggins, looking uncommonly well.

These preliminaries completed, the good man carefully closed the gate of the barn-yard, knowing that as soon as Phoebe, who was campaigning in the kitchen garden, should note the precaution, she would come and jump in to frustrate it—which she eventually did. Her master, meanwhile, had laid himself, coatless and hatless, along the outside of the close board fence where he put in the time, catching his death of cold, and peering through a knot-hole.

At first, and for some time, the animal affected not to see the figure on the platform. Indeed, she turned her back upon it directly she arrived, heaved up her cud, and pretended to go to sleep over it. Finding that this stratagem did not achieve its usual success, she abandoned it, and stood for some moments irresolute. Then she began noising along the ground, as if wholly absorbed in a search for something she had lost, backing about hither and thither, but drawing all the time insensibly nearer to the object of her wicked intention. Arrived within speaking distance, she stood a few moments confronting the fraudulent figure; then protruded her nose to be caressed, trying to create the impression that fondling and dalliance were prime necessities to her existence—that she had been accustomed to them all her life, and could not get on without them. Then she approached a little nearer, as if to shake hands, all the while maintaining the most amiable expression of countenance, and executing all manner of seductive nods, and winks, and smiles. Finding these endearments ineffectual, she wheeled suddenly about, and with the rapidity of lightning dealt out a terrible kick—a kick that sounded like a stroke of paralysis upon an anvil!

The effect was magical! Cows kick—not backwards, but sideways; and the impact which was intended to project the counterfeit parson into the middle of the next Conference week, reacted upon the animal herself, and it and the pain together set her spinning like a top. Such was the velocity of her revolution, that she looked like a vague circular cow, surrounded by a continuous ring, like that of the planet Saturn, which ring was the white tuft at the extremity of her sweeping tail. Presently, as the sustaining centrifugal force was expended, she began to sway and wobble from side to side, and finally toppled over upon her side, rolled convulsively upon her back, and lay motionless with her feet in the air, honestly believing the world had somehow got atop of her, and she was supporting it at a great sacrifice of personal comfort. Then she struggled up somehow, stood waveringly upon three legs, stared blankly about her, rubbed her eyes and was quite bewildered as to the points of the compass. Perceiving the iron clergyman standing fast by his faith, she threw upon him a look of grieved reproach, and hobbled heart-broken into her humble shed, a subjugated kine.

For several weeks Phoebe's right hind-leg was swollen to a monstrous growth, but by a season of judicious nursing, she was "brought round all right," as my aunt phrased it, or "made whole," as the Rev. Mr. Huggins preferred to say. She was now as tractable and inoffensive "in her daily walk and conversation" (Huggins) as a little boy. Her master used to take her leg trustfully into his lap, and might have taken it into his mouth, for that matter. Her whole nature was radically changed—so altered that one day my Aunt Patience, who, fondly as he loved her, had never before so much as ventured to touch the hem of her garment, as it were, went confidently up to her to soothe her with a pan of turnips. Gad! how thinly she spread out that woman upon the face of a distant stone wall! You could not have done it so evenly with a trowel.—*Dod Grile, in "Tom Hood's Comic Annual."*

THE WHITE HILLS.

"How it does rain, John! I don't think I ever heard anything like it before. Hark! how the Branch is roaring! It must be over its banks now. You don't think it can rise enough to come up here, do you, John?"

"No, Susan, the water has not been up as high as this since the Flood. The ground is higher here by ten feet than it is on the bank of the Branch. If the water touches us here, I shall begin to think that the rainbow was set in the sky for nothing."

The young wife went to the one window of the cabin, and looked out into the night. But there was nothing except inky blackness before her. She could not see the rain as it descended in torrents without. A darkness that could be almost felt hung like a pall over everything.

With a shudder, Susan Nickerson turned away from the window, and went back to the hearth where her husband sat. He had been an invalid for several weeks from an accident that had chanced to him while at work in the forest. It had lamed him badly; but he was getting over it now, and able to move about with the aid of a stick.

To the young wife, the mountains and the wilderness about them were still a terrible dread. Reared in the southern part of that American State, she had the year before become the wife of John Nickerson, who had been brought up at hardly a half-score miles from the spot where their cabin now stood. Wild beasts still had their haunts near them, and the rough, jagged mountains seemed to her always ready to fall and bury them beneath their ruins.

The evening was now well advanced, but neither of them felt inclined to retire. The warring of the storm without alarmed her, and even he was not at ease. Never before could he remember when it had rained so hard and for so long a time. It did seem, indeed, as though there was going to be another deluge.

For several minutes the young couple sat in silence, while the rain poured down above them as though it would burst in the roof of the cabin. Above all the din thus made, the roaring of the Branch could be heard, and they knew that it must be up to an unprecedented height.

"Father in heaven! what is that?" cried Susan, starting to her feet, pale with terror and underlined dread.

And it was no wonder she uttered this exclamation. A dull booming sound rose above the roar of the rain, and she felt the floor of the cabin tremble beneath their feet.

"It must be thunder, Susan. I don't know what else it could be," said John, though in his heart he did not think it was.

"No, no, John, it was not that. I'm sure it can't be thunder. It seems to me as if one of the mountains had tumbled down. Hark! There it is again!" and she clutched her husband's arm in wild affright.

"Calm yourself, Susan. Don't give way to such fears;"—but in spite of his words, he glanced towards the window with a thrill of apprehension.

But Susan was right, though he scoffed at the idea. The sounds they had heard, and which were repeated over and over again, came from the distant vale, where the crumbling mountains on either side doomed several families to a terrible death, amid the gloom of that fearful night.

With her hand still on her husband's arm, the young wife stood trembling, while together they listened to the roaring elements without, that momentarily seemed to increase.

The rain poured with such force on the roof that they could hardly hear each other's voices; but still above it the roar of the angry waters of the Branch could be plainly heard, and they could almost fancy they were moving the huge stones that lay thick in its bed.

As the minutes wore on, John Nickerson grew nervous in spite of all his efforts to keep calm. If the rain did not cease soon, the Branch would rise so that it would touch their cabin. But still it must be far away, he thought.

For a short space there was a lull in the tempest. During that time the rain did not beat so fiercely as it had done, and then it was that John heard a noise which startled him from his seat. It was a sort of swashing sound, close at hand, like that made by an angry torrent against its bank. Lighting a pitch-torch, which in those days did service in many a household instead of lamp or candle, he, with the aid of his stick, hobbled to the door.

Opening it a little way, he let the light flash out into the darkness. At the same moment a cry of alarm escaped him. Nothing but a sea of dark rushing waters met his gaze. The Branch was claiming the whole valley for its own; and its torrents sounding against the walls of the cabin, had made the swashing sound he had heard.

Susan had followed her husband to the door, and at the sight of the peril surrounding them, uttered a cry of terror.

"Oh, John, were are lost!" she cried, wringing her hands.

"Not so bad as that, I hope, Susan. We are in no danger if the rain will only stop now." And he thrust the torch further out, that he might, if possible, judge the depth of the water. But the rain dashed out the flame, and all was inky darkness about them.

At that moment some large object, borne down by the flood, struck against the cabin, making its solid logs tremble like an aspen. A moment after, a stream of water came pouring along the floor from the upper side of the cabin.

"We must leave here," cried John. "I wonder if the canoe I've been at work upon this week has floated off? If it hasn't, we can go over to the hill yonder easily."

He threw open the door as he said this, and plunged out into the water and the darkness.

"For the love of heaven, be careful!" cried Susan, wringing her hands, and he answered her cheerily back.

He floundered onward, and at last reached the spot where his half-finished canoe had lain. It was not there. A torrent of water dashed madly on where it had been. At that moment the scene about him was lighted up by a pale

flash of light, followed by a roar from the mountains.

Another heavy summit had crumbled, and the rocks striking together, as they dashed down into the valley, produced the spectral light he saw around him. Though it filled him with alarm, it also rendered him a service. By its aid he saw, a few yards off, the canoe lodged against a clump of trees. Rejoiced at the sight, he at once hurried towards it, and soon had it in his possession.

"Courage!" he shouted to his wife in the doorway. "We're all right now."

But he was long way from right. It was all he could do with his impaired strength to bring the canoe up to the door, and it took him so long to accomplish it that he was fearful the canoe would go tumbling down against Susan before he could reach her. But by persistent effort he succeeded at last, and said, as he struggled to hold it in its place, "Quick, Susan! Leave everything behind. Get in as soon as you can."

She obeyed; and with a stick which he had secured, he turned the prow of the canoe towards a high hill, where he knew they must be safe.

But they were not a moment too soon. When not three canoes' length from the cabin, it fell in with a crash; and in a mingled mass of rubbish their home went floating off down the Branch towards the raging river hardly a mile below.

It was not without further danger that they gained their place of refuge, and took shelter beneath an overhanging rock. Once they were nearly overturned by a boulder, and again struck by a floating tree; but at last, to their great joy, they struck the solid earth, and were saved.

It was indeed a night of horror, and the morning's sun shone over a scene of terrible desolation. Later, they heard of a tragedy in the valley, and their were grateful hearts that the same fate had not been meted out to them.

CURIOUS WILLS.

Some wills are curious from their brevity, some from their prodigious length, some from being in rhyme; some testators bequeath property which they have not, in order to enable them to enjoy, while living the considerate attentions of the expectant legatees. A Welsh gentleman, for the reason, as recited, that he might give way to the unfair importunities of his wife, secretly assigned, subject to his life interest, all his property by deed, and afterwards gracefully gave way to his wife's solicitations and made a will in her favor, which, of course, at his death, turned out inoperative. There are testators who think it necessary that posterity should not be in any doubt as to their religious belief, and accordingly occupy a page or two of their wills with an elaborate statement on the subject; some even think it necessary to get out their pedigrees at full length. Some wills are curious only from the method or arrangement of the paper or the document they are written on, and require an inspection to appreciate their peculiarity. There are few wills made without some directions being given either as to the place or the manner of burial; frequently the testator desires to be buried in the same grave with his wife or some other member of his family. We remember one case where the testator directed that he should be buried in the space left for that purpose between the graves of his first and second wives, so that he should lie with one on his right hand and the other on his left. More frequently still, the direction limits the expense of the funeral; in some cases no carriages are to be used, in others, the body is to be carried to the grave by persons employed on the deceased's estate; in one instance the persons so to be employed were laborers, and they were required on the occasion to wear clean white smock-frocks, and were to be paid £1 each for their trouble. Mr. Zimmerman, whose will was proved in 1840, accompanied the direction for his funeral, in case they were not carried out, with something like a threat. In his will he says, "No person is to attend my corpse to the grave, nor is any funeral bell to be rung, and my desire is to be buried plainly and in a decent manner; and, if this be not done, I will come again—that is to say, if I can." The Countess Dowager of Sandwich, in her will, written by herself at the age of eighty, proved in November, 1862, expresses her "wish to be buried decently and quietly—no undertaker's frauds or cheating; no scarfs, hatbands, or nonsense." Mrs. Kitty Jenkyn Pack Reading, although evidently possessed of sufficient means, appears by her will, proved in April, 1870, to have been very anxious that one part, at least, of the expenses attending her funeral should be kept as low as possible. After saying she is to be placed first in a leaden and then in a wooden coffin, she provides that if "I die away from Branksome, I wish my remains, after being duly placed in the proper coffin, to be inclosed in a plain deal-box, so that no one may know their contents, and conveyed by a goods train to Poole, which will cost no more than any other package of the same weight, from Pool Station said box to be conveyed in a cart to Branksome Tower." The contrivance of sending her remains in a plain deal box by a goods train, so that it will cost no more than any other package of the same weight, and "said box" afterwards to be conveyed in a cart, sounds rather oddly in connection with the dignified name of its destination, Branksome Tower. Mrs. Reading seems to have

considered the details of her funeral with much minuteness; among other things she states "the easiest way to convey my coffin out of the house will be to take the window out of the dining-room." Some people—we do not know whether they would rather not die—certainly would rather not be buried. Mr. J. L. Greffulhe, of Winchester street and Cornhill, merchant, whose will was proved in October, 1867, thus directs as to the disposal of his body—"I do not wish to be buried. I enjoin my nephew to cause my body to be embalmed and placed in a coffin, the top of which shall be glazed and not nailed down, so that the body be not deprived either of air or daylight. Subsequently to cause it to be burned, if that can be legally done." It could not be from a motive of economy, as the personal property in England was sworn under half a million sterling, and he left 400,000 francs to be laid out in the works of beneficence and charity. Mr. William Kensett, by his will, proved in October, 1855, seems to have been of the same opinion as the members of a recently-formed club, who have pledged themselves for sanitary reasons to have their bodies burned at their deaths; for he recites that, "believing in the impolicy of interring the dead amidst the living and as an example to others, I give my body, four days after death, to the directors of the Imperial Gas Company, London, to be placed in one of their retorts and consumed to ashes, and that they be paid £10 by my executors for the trouble this act will impose on them in so doing. Should a defence of fanaticism and superstition prevent them granting this my request, then my executors must submit to have my remains buried, in the plainest manner possible, in my family grave in St. John's-wood Cemetery, to assist in poisoning the living in that neighborhood." Generally the curious wills are home made. The will of Mr. Kensett was made by a solicitor.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

An authoress of the last century said, "The minute details of household economy become elegant and refined, when they are ennobled by sentiment;" and they are truly ennobled when done either from a sense of duty, or consideration for a parent, or love to a husband. "To furnish a room," continues this lady, "is no longer a common-place affair, shared with upholsterers and cabinet-makers; it is decorating the place where I am to meet a friend or lover. To order dinner is not merely arranging a meal with my cook; it is preparing refreshment for him whom I love. These necessary occupations, viewed in this light by a person capable of strong attachment, are so many pleasures and afford her far more delight than the games and shows which constitute the amusements of the world."

Such is the testimony of a lady of the last century, to the sentiment that may be made to mingle in the most homely occupations. We will now quote that of a modern female writer and traveller, who in her pleasant book, called "Six weeks on the Loire," has thus described the housewifery of the daughter of a French nobleman, residing in a superb chateau on that river. The travellers had just arrived and been introduced, when the following scene took place:—

"The bill of fare for dinner was discussed in my presence and settled, *sans façon*, with that delightful frankness and gaiety, which in the French characters gives a charm to the most trifling occurrence. Mademoiselle Louise then begged me to excuse her for half an hour, as she was going to make some creams and some pastilles. I requested I might accompany her, and also render myself useful; we accordingly went together to the dairy. I made tarts à l'Anglaise; while she made confections and *bondons*, and all manner of pretty things, with as much ease as if she had never done anything else, and as much grace as she displayed in the saloon. I could not help thinking, as I looked at her, with her servants about her, all cheerful, respectful and anxious to attend upon her, how much better it would be for the young ladies in England, if they would occasionally return to the habits of their grandmamas, and mingle the animated and endearing occupations of domestic life, and the modest manners and social amusements of home, with the perpetual practising on harps and pianos, and the incessant efforts at display and search after gaiety, which at the present day, render them anything but what an amiable man of a reflecting mind and delicate sentiments would desire in the woman he might wish to select as his companion for life. But it was not only in the more trifling affairs of the household that this young lady acquitted herself so agreeably; in the garden, the farm, among the laborers, their wives and children, with the poor in the neighborhood, and the casual wanderer, everywhere she was superintending, directing, kind, amiable, the comfort of all around, and the delight of her family. She flew up and down the rocks with the lightness of a mountain roe; she sprang into a boat like the Lady of the Lake, and could manage an oar with as much grace and skill. With all this, her mind was thoroughly cultivated. She had an elegant taste in the authors of her own language; understood Latin, Italian, and English, and charmed me with her conversation, whilst she employed her fingers in the fancy work, with which the French ladies occupy the moments which some call idle, but which with them are always sociably and generally carefully employed.

Having now shown that to understand and

superintend all that belongs to domestic economy is the proper vocation for a woman, let her situation be what it may, and that, so far from being ashamed of it, she should dignify it by her manner of exercising it, a caution may be necessary against making its details too prominent in the social circle, and talking too much about them. Honourable as is the performance of those daily duties, it is bad taste to say much about them. A well-ordered house has been fitly compared to a watch, all the wheels and springs of which are out of sight, and it is only known that they exist, and are in order, by the regularity with which their results are brought about.

The time necessarily consumed by these daily cares is considerable; let ladies beware how they add to it by wasting a moment on needless capitulation and useless discussion of domestic affairs. When they have done their household tasks to the best of their abilities, they should dismiss the subject from their mind, and not let the thought of it intrude upon other things that have their appropriate place in the day's occupation.

The disinterested affection of mothers often leads them to dispense with all assistance from their daughters in their domestic affairs, so long as they are in daily attendance upon school, or, as the common phrase is, whilst they are "getting their education." Where the school hours are diligently employed, and the tasks laborious, and much time is required to prepare lessons at home, it is particularly important that all the leisure a girl has, should be wisely disposed of; but far better would it be for her health, that some of it should be given to the stirring occupation of the household, than that she should be sitting over a frame of worsted or lace work, hurting her eyes, and wasting her time in making bead-bags, or some little ornamental article of dress, not worth a tithe of the pains bestowed upon it.

SCIENCE IN THE KITCHEN.

The student of the social economy of this country will encounter no more remarkable anomaly in the habits of our people than that, while we exhaust every possibility achieved by the progress of modern science toward the augmenting of our pecuniary welfare, we as sedulously neglect the teachings derived from the same source and pointing to one of the most important causes of physical health and comfort. When a man undertakes to build himself a house, it is the general rule that he exercises the closest care that every portion of the structure shall be, in design and material, the best. He employs a capable architect, a thorough builder, selects stone, brick, mortar and other components of his fabric with a rigid scrutiny which leaves no doubt in his mind but that his dwelling will be a strong and lasting shelter. Then he decorates, furnishes, searches for ingenious devices of household convenience, and finally enters his new habitation secure in his belief of its excellence. Is it not strange that all his labor is done for a roof which may cover its owner but until to-morrow: for a home which the vicissitudes of fortune may wrest from him in a day, or which of his own choice he may abandon before the mortar is perfectly dry; while to the structure in which Providence has ordained he shall exist for a lifetime, but secondary consideration is given?

Our food has been compared to the fuel which heats a boiler, makes steam, and so drives the machinery. The simile is not only trite but unjust. The substances that we eat play even a greater part. It is as if the fuel, besides heating the water, contributed by its combustion to the existence of the boiler—in other words, we are made of the materials we consume. Clearly then, although we may subsist for a time on substances unsuitable and comparatively non-nutritious, in the end our physical system will suffer, if not break down, from the improper nature of the components with which it is supplied.

Cooking is the proper preparation of food for human consumption. We do not consider that the term means applying heat until the substance assumes any form which is edible, but the causing of the material to undergo certain changes, chemical or otherwise, in its condition, which render it in the most suitable state for the nourishment of the body. Articles for the table, then, are either cooked or ruined—necessarily one or the other. Bad cooking, like bad grammar, is non-existent *ex vi termini*; but as to where the dividing line happens to be between these very opposite conditions, it is odd that few persons can agree. Perhaps it may be safely drawn from the sanitary point of view, as above noted; for a single material, like the common potato, for example, may be nutritious and healthy when properly cooked; while if it be boiled until it be waterlogged and wax-like, its beneficial nature is lost. Theoretically, then, the gauge of cookery should be the healthfulness of its results; practically, however, the standard is simply and purely one of individual taste; and that in this country, where the majority are educated to relish compounds indigestible and worthless as brain and muscle producers, is fallible in the extreme. Hence, while this sense is gratified, we give no thought to the means; in other words, so long as the builder of the fabric is satisfied with the exterior appearance of his stone, mortar, or brick, no matter, if when they are made into a wall, they prove bad within, and weak and insufficient as supports.

Dr. James, in an excellent paper recently read before the American Health Association, upon a topic kindred to that to which we are

referring, points out with much clearness many of the abuses into which the preparation of our food has fallen, and inveighs with special vigor against the general assumption that women are natural cooks. Perhaps it is to the invariable inaccuracy which (our feminine readers will pardon us) is inherent to the gentler sex, more than to any other cause, that the science of cookery has descended to the level of a rule of thumb pursuit. Do we ever need a medicine, we watch the druggists, that he compounds it with scrupulous exactitude. Do we build a machine, we hire talent that will execute the work to hair breath accuracy; in fact, we employ skilled labor to supply us with knowledge, to house us, to dress us, and even to shave us, everything but to feed us. It takes an artist to make our coats, but the most foolish of Hibernian virgins may be installed in our kitchen to prepare the food that makes our body.

If cookery were reduced down to rule, so that a person could follow recipes with the same certainty of success, due to accuracy, with which the student pursues the instructions laid down in his text book of chemical analysis, it is presumable that any individual could produce eatable and healthy dishes; but nothing is further from the truth. Let the reader ask any successful cook how he or she made such or such a compound, the chances are strongly that no satisfactory explanation can be given. "Practice" is probably stated as the reason or "experience," or "luck." Let him turn to any so-called cookery book, and we would be willing to wager that in nine cases out of ten the recipes for the most delicate cake and pastry contain greater margins of inaccuracy than any formula extant for mixing mud concrete. What does a teaspoonful mean, heaped up or level with the rim? Or a teaspoonful? What size of teaspoon? How much is a pinch, or a handful, or a pennyworth? There is absolutely no standard system of measures conscientiously followed; and hence a woman will gage her ingredients by the grab with the same unquestioning faith in the accuracy of the combination that she reposes in the fact that the distance from the tip of her nose to the end of her fingers is precisely and infallibly one yard.

The practical solution of the important question, whether the masses can be educated properly to prepare their food, is yet to be determined. It is surely possible that cookery can be taught as a science, as other necessary branches of knowledge, not after the fashion of child's play, as have been most of the previous attempts in this direction, but as a serious study. We do not expect every man's wife to become a *cordon bleu*, or our servants to prepare *entrées* which would not disgrace Delmonico; but we do believe that means might be found of imparting information sufficient to relieve the people of many of the nightmare-breeding compounds of daily consumption. Make practical cookery a part of every woman's education, and the principles of the same a portion of that of every man. Let us, for recipes, have formulae and instructions, clearly couched but as accurate as the physician's prescription, and deduced by scientific investigation. Then with the materials and means which we now have, better than which the world can not produce, the answer to our petition for daily bread will not be food destructive to our health as individuals and as a people.

POOR PENELOPE.

"It is an established fact," says the Danbury News, "that an animosity exists between man and a married state and stoves in any state. The case of Mr. Penelope, the cashier of the Slawson National Bank, is an illustrative point. One morning last week he visited his base burner to fill it with coal. He first opened the draft and then the place at the top which receives the coal, and waited until he was quite sure the gas had ascended the chimney. Being thus assured, he next did what might have been pardonable in a woman, or at least what would have been very natural in a woman to do—he put his head in the top opening. With his head thus fixed, his suspenders hanging down behind, and his legs spread apart, he was peering into the darkness and gathering inspiration from its density, when a sudden and most horrible explosion took place within the stove, and as a blinding cloud of dust shot up into the air, Mr. Penelope, cashier of the First National Bank of Slawson, made two back revolutions between the floor and ceiling, and came down very much as if he expected a chair was there to receive him. No such provision had been made, however, and when Mrs. Penelope came in, which she immediately did with a broom in her hand, she found Mr. Penelope sitting on the floor and staring with all his might at nothing. The entire absence of hair from about his eyes imparted an imposing effect to their glare which no pen can describe. Most of the hair from the top of his head was missing; his whiskers were gone, so was his moustache, while the end of his nose—scorched to the depth of an eighth of an inch—looked as if a simoon with spikes in it had swept triumphantly across it. 'Why, Penelope!' exclaimed the astonished lady, in a strong burst of feeling, and then fell to prodding him with the broom. But it was some time before Mr. Penelope became sufficiently collected to get upon his feet even. As soon as possible he had a doctor come to the house and sound him to see if anything was broken inside, and learning there was not, he got together a gun and fishing tackle, and is now abroad resting himself from the fatigues of the late panic."

LIVELY LINES.

What fills my soul with musings black?
What keeps my mind upon the rack,
And gives me pains all down my back?

My liver!

What makes me turn from wholesome food?
What makes me sometimes cross and rude,
And would embitter paltry feud?

My liver!

What makes me disinclined for work?
What makes me correspondence shirk,
And oft its writers long to burk?

My liver!

What makes me always want to sleep?
What weakens me until I creep,
And makes me hold existence cheap?

My liver!

What makes me aye with fever burn,
What makes me recreation spurn,
And to black melancholy turn?

My liver!

And what will cure the growing ill,
And stop my going down the bill,
Restore my health, and mend my quill?

Medical Echo:—A rhubarb pill!

A SUMMER EVENING TALE.

"I tell you, I am uneasy about the girl, and cannot help my forebodings."

Lady Elderton was speaking of her grandchild, and addressing her daughter, the mother, "But, dear mother," replied Mrs. Dudley, "what is it you have observed about Isabel? You know she never was such a merry chatter-box as Lotty."

"Exactly so. And those quiet, reserved, sentimental girls are always the ones most open to the dangers I am apprehending. I do not like the listless fits of reverie, and the absence of mind about trifles, which I have observed lately. I believe I shall have to relate my early experiences at the first suitable opportunity."

"Will you, dear mother?" exclaimed Mrs. Dudley joyfully—"will you really once more recite the story of your youth, that your granddaughters may profit by it? But oh, I fear the recollection is painful!"

"That may be. But once in a dozen years or so, I am constrained, like the Ancient Mariner, to tell my tale; and the mood is on me to-night."

Lady Elderton was not only a stately dame, but a beautiful woman, with the rare peculiar beauty that sometimes lingers round the sixtieth year. Tall and upright she had the easy grace of walk and gesture that belonged to the well-bred people of her generation, who, it might be said, emulated the glide of the swan rather than the strut of the peacock. Across her forehead and down her cheeks, thick braids of hair revealed how richly her tresses were streaked with silver. Not for their weight in gold and jewels would she have had them otherwise. Her sense of the real fitness of things was too keen for her to have any doubt that nature, in thus touching her hair, had been a kindly beautifier. Nor did she wish for any deeper tint on her cheeks, or fairer bloom of skin, than became her autumn season.

Hardly had Lady Elderton finished her remarks, when the object of them—Isabel Dudley and her sister Charlotte—were seen in the dim twilight crossing the lawn, and the next minute they stepped under the verandah, and entered the drawing-room.

"Shall I ring for the lamp to be lighted?" asked Lotty, who was ever the thoughtful aid of her invalid mother.

"Not yet, my dear," said Mrs. Dudley. "I am watching the moon coming up behind the trees, and I think we need not shut out its glory this lovely summer night."

"I like talking in the twilight," observed Lady Elderton.

"Do you?" exclaimed Lotty. "Then do tell us something about old fashioned times. It must have been so funny, and yet so slow, when there were no railroads."

"If I tell you a story," replied Lady Elderton, "it will certainly have nothing to do with railroads; yet it shall be something of real life. However, I shall not detain you with moralisings, but at once begin my tale, if I may call it so;" and her ladyship accordingly commenced.

"I think you know I was an only child—an heiress, in fact; but let that pass. Honestly, I may say that my parents thought only of wealth as a stewardship. They had weaknesses of pride; but the pride of ancestry, of the brave men and virtuous women, whose honor in some sort they shared, and fell bound to keep untarnished. That they were fastidious in their choice of friends, and kept a good deal aloof from what is called general society, is quite true; but this reserve did not arise from vulgar pride. Half a century ago, irreligion was more open, and frivolity more frivolous, than they are at the present day. The coarse language and manners of an earlier period had not yet disappeared, even among what are called the higher classes.

"My mother had much about her of what would not be called the Puritan type; and she had a womanly intolerance for those who differ-

ed from her in opinion. Happily, she and my father were one on all great questions; and this might well be the case, as, with love's devotion, she had modelled her mind, perhaps unconsciously—on his. Yet he, as became the man, had wider views than she ever entertained. In his youth, he had travelled; and youthful travelling opens out rivers of thought, that must fertilise any but the most arid minds; whereas, my mother had been the stay-at-home English gentlewoman, whose migrations had been from Yorkshire to London, varied by sea-bathing at Scarborough; or drinking the waters at Harrogate. A gentle, happy soul was hers, that had always been sheltered and guided by love, and remained singularly ignorant of what is called "the world and its ways;" but something was there in my life or my nature that made me feel, ay, and acknowledge to myself in very girlhood, that I was self-willed and independent with strong desires and a warm temper; and that never, never should I be as meek, and gentle, and confidently obedient to authority as my dear mother was. And yet it is a fact that her very gentleness awed me. It would have seemed mean as well as undutiful to obstinately thwart her; and meanness was not a Percival fault, whatever pride might be. On the whole, up to merely seventeen years of age, I flattered myself that I was a very good daughter, not taking into account that I had never met with a strong temptation to be otherwise.

"I had a French governess. Ah, how clever she was! Clever with the wicked cleverness that often for a long time deceives good-simple-minded people. Madame Barvillier was the daughter of emigrants who had taken refuge in England during the Reign of Terror, and the widow of a fellow-exile. She was nearly fifty years of age when she became my instructress; but a halo of romance still lingered about her, and I well remember the respect and delicate kindness with which she was treated in our family. My father took a lively interest in the stories she had to tell of the *ancien régime*; and my mother, believing her to be a woman of sincere piety, respected her accordingly. In reality she was only an artful hypocrite.

"As for me, she charmed me from the first, as I now know, by her subtle, implied flatteries, her caressing manners, and her seeming sympathy with youthful emotions, hopes, and aspirations. Though in all wise ways most tenderly cared for, I had not been a spoilt and petted child. Indeed, in those days, children were kept far more in the background than they are at present; and there was a stately dignity about my parents quite opposed to the impulsive, demonstrative manner which so bewitched me.

"I was very fond of drawing and painting; most girls are, I think, in childhood they have had enough good instruction to smooth away the first difficulties, and give a little mechanical dexterity to the hand. Absolutely, I could so far sketch from nature, that a view which included a profile of our parish church, and the vista of an elm-tree avenue that led to our house, was recognised by my mother at a glance."

"And praised?" added Lotty with a smile. "As an only daughter so excelling, I should have expected raptures of admiration."

"Then you would have been greatly disappointed," resumed Lady Elderton.

"I never met with raptures of admiration till I listened to the false and artful woman who led me by her flatteries to the brink of a precipice. Madame Barvillier did pretend to think that I had a genius for painting—it answered her purpose to encourage my taste for it—especially to encourage out-of-door sketching. Young people with mental activity are very apt to take up one pursuit after another with a sort of feverish eagerness; but it is a mistake to fancy such eagerness is a sign of special genius. I am inclined to think that great and special genius works more quietly and silently; with incredible rapidity, it may be, but altogether without spasm. No, my dears, I assure you the world has nothing to regret in my not having touched a brush these forty years.

"My passion for sketching was the material Madame Barvillier had to work upon. One day, in our search for the picturesque, we wandered beyond the park gates, a thing not actually prohibited by my mother, yet one I knew she did not altogether approve. However, I was under the guidance of my governess, who tempted me by the account of a lovely bit of scenery lately opened out by the felling of some trees—just in my style to paint, she declared—and so she lured me on to the outskirts of a neighboring wood, where, dismissing the servant who had carried my portfolio and the camp-stools, she settled herself to her embroidery, and I began cutting my pencil. Madame chattered away, as was her wont, certainly in pure Parisian French, which I by this time understood perfectly, and spoke with a certain fluency; but I have often remembered how apt she was to glide out of educational discourse into little romantic histories in which some grand chevalier was sure to figure. Not, however, that she did so on this occasion; on the contrary, she talked learnedly about moths and butterflies, and, considering the subject, was quite ponderous in her erudition.

"It certainly was a pretty view she had tempted me to sketch, and the golden light of a still August afternoon—just such as that of today has been—lent its charm to the scene. As I sketched the outline of a range of hills, I wondered, when I came to lay on my colors, how nearly I could produce the soft haze which veiled, without obscuring objects, and marvelled

at the spell which I knew a really great water-color painter might have exercised.

"Suddenly there emerged from among the trees a young man bearing a pedestrian's knapsack. Long afterwards, I remembered, what I never noticed at the time, that he was by no means dusty or travel-stained, though he professed to have walked twenty-five miles that day; for he stated that circumstance when he apologised to Madame for addressing her, saying that he had quite lost his way, and begging for information as to his whereabouts. Madame responded in very broken English, which, after a few words, glided into French, in which language the stranger responded fluently. There was a start, an apparently sudden recognition between the two, and Madame, turning to me, begged leave to present her friend, Monsieur the Duc d'Alton.

"What could I do but receive his salutations? He had the bearing of a gentleman, and seemed the intimate acquaintance of my governess. His present position was easily explained. He had been so long in England that he had acquired many English tastes, and he was now performing that thoroughly English feat, a pedestrian tour. Midland English scenery was his adoration—landscape-painting his craze. Might he be permitted to look at my drawing? Would Madame suffer him to sit beside her?—the stump of a tree was conveniently near. How favored a land was England! How richly endowed were all English women! Questions and phrases such as these were poured out with emphasis and volubility; and something I gathered about the Muses and Graces being fairy godmothers who must have presided at my christening—this piece of pagan adulation being addressed in a loud whisper to my governess.

"Of course Monsieur le Duc was enraptured with my drawing, and *apropos* of those bare outlines talked learnedly of Poussin and Claude Lorraine. For the first time in my life, I felt treated not only as a grown-up young lady, but as a personage distinguished from the throng by her natural gifts. My cheeks flushed, my voice trembled, and, inflated by gratified vanity, I had not good sense enough for ballast to keep my mind steady. Looking back to that scene as it shows in the sober light of memory, I seem to myself to have been featherheaded as a shuttlecock, and a girl whom only God's special providence snatched away in His good time from being the plaything of those people.

"It was a curious coincidence that the Frenchman found himself obliged to take up his knapsack and walk on towards the village inn to which Madame had directed him, just ten minutes before Gibson, the trusty old servant, who was a pattern of punctuality, came by appointment to carry back my portfolio and the camp-stools. But there were a good many singular coincidences within the next fortnight, which did not explain themselves till afterwards.

"As we walked home, Madame Barvillier narrated for my edification the romantic history of her newly discovered friend. Utterly unreal and highly improbable as were the details with which she indulged me, I could not recall them to mind even if I would; but I know that the general impression left on my mind was that the Duc d'Alton was a peer of France, yet, for some reason or other, he was a political exile, travelling under an assumed name. If restored to the inheritance of which he had been defrauded, he would be rich beyond the dreams of a Croesus—Madame was fond of classical illustrations and allusions—meanwhile, he had a little mine of wealth in old family jewels, which, happily, he had secreted and brought to England with him. She told me all this, she said, because she loved me, because I exercised a spell over people by my truth and ingenuous confidence, and veritably she could not hide things from me; but on no account must I reveal to any human being—no, not even to the *chère Maman*—that we had met any one out of doors, or that she, Madame Barvillier had any acquaintance with the Duc d'Alton. The most fatal, the most terrible events would occur, were I to betray his whereabouts; and here to-day, he would be gone to-morrow; and there could be no possible harm in my keeping silence; nay, had I not better try to forget the occurrences of that afternoon altogether!

"Very subtly put was that recommendation to forget, as if forgetfulness were just then possible. But the boldest part of the scheme which was being carried out was the trading on my ignorance of life, and ignorance of passing events and current history. Charles X was at this time seated on the throne of France, and, to all appearance, securely, and yet here was supposed to be an exiled royalist playing at hide-and-seek. Yet she told her vague, complicated romantic history so well, that I positively believed a word from my lips would be enough to surround this handsome, clever, ill-used man—who admired my drawing so much—with the myrmidons of a foreign government, who would drag him to a dungeon, and perhaps thence to the scaffold! Of course I had read of the horrors of the French Revolution, though modern history was, for the most part, but meagrely taught to girls in those days, and my notions were altogether crude and inaccurate.

"Before we reached the hall-door, I had given the promise that Madame Barvillier had required, and not conscious as yet of the bondage to which I was submitting, the strongest feeling I remember was one of gratified vanity and personal importance.

"The next day shone forth just such a one as its predecessor, and there could not be a doubt as to the expedience of proceeding with my

sketch. Accordingly, at the same hour, and under precisely similar circumstances, we proceeded to the wood! and while I arranged my portfolio and pencils, Madame again drew forth her thimble and scissors, and unrolled her strip of embroidery.

"She had said that the "illustrious exile" would be gone on the morrow, therefore it was with real astonishment that I recognised his advancing figure before I had been settled at my task a quarter of an hour. Madame acted surprise in the cleverest manner; and he explained the change in his plans, by declaring that he had found letters at the post-office which made it desirable that he should remain in that locality for another day or two. As such was the case, he was determined to employ the time in sketching—and as it was from this spot the loveliest view was to be obtained—he hoped he should not be considered a trespasser, an intruder, if he lingered near us. He did not dare to mulatate my skill, he said, or to attempt anything beyond such small pencil-sketches as might serve to remind him of this beautiful spot—and—and of the ineffaceable recollections associated with it.

"Again, however, he departed before trusty old Gibson came for the sketching equipments, and I returned home, more inflated by self-importance than I had even been on the previous day."

"O grandmamma," interrupted Charlotte Dudley. "I don't think you are doing yourself justice. I don't believe you were ever inflated with vanity—dignified, perhaps, you were even at seventeen."

"Thank you, my dear Lotty, for your good opinion; but I assure you I am giving you what I believe would have been a true description of my state of mind; though I do not think I need proceed with every minute detail of my girlish folly and wrong-doing. Under the guidance of my traitorous governess, I met the young Frenchman day after day. Soon he assured me that it was my presence which detained him in the neighborhood. Then he presented me with verses, written, he said, in my honor—all copied, as I afterwards discovered, from such French writers as Madame Barvillier knew I had never read. The next move was to implore my acceptance, as a *souvenir*, of a ring, apparently an emerald as large as a sixpence, and which had belonged to his mother, he said—its original possessor having been the unhappy Maria Lelesinski, wife of Louis XV. For a long while I resisted entreaty; the jewel seemed so valuable; and besides, it would be necessary to retain it secretly, as a matter of course. When at last I complied, he assumed a heroic attitude, and poured out a torrent of adoration, calling me his life, the star of his destiny—in short, his affianced wife.

"For this I was certainly not prepared, and I believe I showed on the occasion a little more "dignity" than had been expected from me. Nevertheless, the man had fascinated me; and I know not to what depths of imprudence I might have been lured, had not some small circumstances aroused the suspicion of faithful old Gibson, who took upon himself to tell my father all he had discovered.

"Can I ever forget the morning when I was sent for, and confronted with Madame Barvillier, who had been summoned from the school-room half an hour previously, and forbidden to leave the library till I had been questioned in her presence! My dearmother, who was seated, seemed drowned in tears; while my father, white with anger, white with the suppressed passion of a man accustomed to exercise self-control, stood leaning on both hands at one end of a long table; while Madame Barvillier, at the other end, knelt on a footstool—on which, perhaps, she had dropped for some sort of support, rather than exactly in supplication.

"I was arraigned, and pleaded guilty to the charge of meeting secretly and holding converse with a stranger, and of deliberately concealing from my parents every transaction connected with the acquaintanceship. Good old Gibson had already been my counsel for the defence, and, as I long afterwards discovered, had pleaded every extenuating circumstance, which, after all, could be only one—namely, that I had acted by the advice of my governess.

"I was ordered to fetch the verses which had so turned my head; and I did so, carrying them in a little blue silk bag in which I had kept them. At the bottom of the bag was the ring; and when my father drew it forth, I covered my face with my hands, and wept for very shame.

"What is this?" said my father. "Be pleased to explain."

"To my surprise, Madame was silent. I wondered that she left me to narrate the history of the precious jewel. But hardly had I mentioned the royal lady who was said to have once possessed it, than my father burst into a bitter laugh; and carrying the ring nearer to the window, he gazed at it for half a minute; then, by sheer strength, his fingers snapped it in two, as he exclaimed: "Base metal and green glass! I see there was really a plot. Daughter, ask your mother to pardon you; and lead her away, while I deal with this woman."

"I felt I did not dare to touch my mother's hand, but ever obedient to my father's slightest wish, she instantly rose; and I, holding open the door for her to pass, then mutely followed her out of the room.

"When we were alone, I sat down penitently and poured out the whole story of my regret and shame. So little given to demonstration as my mother herself was, I think my vehemence almost frightened her. But I knew that at last she yielded to my entreaty, and putting her hand lightly on my shoulders kissed me on my

forehead. But though that kiss of forgiveness soothed my sorrow, peace and self-reconciliation were long in coming. Nor did my father ratify his forgiveness quite so speedily as my mother had done. Those were bitter nights, when I was dismissed by him without the accustomed benediction—and mournful days, when I received only a frigid morning recognition.

"As for Madame Barvillier—she was allowed one hour to pack up, and then a post-chaise conveyed her to the next town. What became of her and her associate, the pretended duke, I never knew with any degree of certainty. But twenty years later there was a *cause célèbre*, in which an old French woman appeared and a foreigner, accused of swindling and forgery, the description of whom singularly tallied with that of the impostor in question."

There was a pause; and it was Mrs. Dudley who broke the silence, saying, with evident emotion: "Mother, it was kind and generous of you to give the girls the benefit of this story. Once you told it to me in my girlhood, and I think it was like a chart laid down, that warned me from listening to flattery, or indulging idle dreams about romantic admirers. But the strange thing is, that you are now the last person in the world that could have been thought guilty of an imprudence even in early youth."

"That is," replied Lady Elderton, "because I was blessed in my surroundings—blessed with parents who showed me how to profit by the sharp lesson I had learned. Yet do not think I have not paid some penalty, if only in the painful associations which often arise. I gave up painting early in life, because the occupation constantly recalled scenes I wished to forget. As for emeralds—pieces of green glass, perhaps—they glare at me even across a room, as if in their verdant beauty they were the eyes of a snake."

"But surely, dear mother, you have had a happy life," said Mrs. Dudley tenderly—"happy, at least, for many, many years?" she added.

"I was supremely happy in my married life," returned Lady Elderton; "and my story would be incomplete, if I did not try to contrast the true love of an honorable man with the deceptive flatteries of an unprincipled fortune-hunter. It may be taken as a golden rule, that no lover means well who prompts a young girl to concealment, or seeks to load her with the ever-increasing burden of a clandestine engagement. Poets and novelists have much to answer for in so often making what they call love paramount, something to be indulged, and its blind impulses obeyed, before simple old-fashioned duties. Yet the greatest poets do not sin thus. Shakspeare knew better than to reconcile the Montagues and Capulets while their children lived. And the Moor might have trusted Desdemona till Iago was unmasked, had not Othello remembered that she had deceived her father—though it was for him. Oh, that young people would but believe that their elders do not necessarily forget the emotions and temptations of youth, when they offer advice that is contrary to youthful impulse!"

"Ah, you don't forget!" murmured Lotty. "No; I do not," continued Lady Elderton; "and yet I declare that a breath of mystery about a young girl's affections dims their purity—impairs all her chances of happiness. Nay, there is no happiness in married life, except where a man leads a woman onwards and upwards; and how can he do this, if he has not himself a true soul! How can he teach her to be strong and faithful, and to walk aright through all the slippery paths of life—if he has previously taught her error, and been her tempter—if he has offered her the false jewel of his pretended love, and in requital of her acceptance, has robbed her of her sincerity!"

Lady Elderton had warmed with her theme, and her last sentences had been spoken with real pathos. Her summer evening tale had been told and commented on, leaving a deep impression on the auditors. The twilight had by this time deepened into night, and light clouds obscured the moon. Presently, the clock struck; then Lotty rang the bell for the servants to assemble, and Mrs. Dudley rose from her couch to conduct the family devotions.

It was midnight, and the house was so utterly still that the ticking of the hall-clock alone broke upon the silence; save in a large bedchamber, where two white beds remained as yet unpressed by Charlotte and Isabel Dudley. The two girls were in their loose wrappers, with their long hair plaited and arranged for the night, just as their maid had left them, so far as the toilet was concerned, but both were weeping, and Isabel was in an attitude of dejection and shame.

"It is a relief, Lotty, to have told you," exclaimed Isabel; "but oh! I am wretched and ashamed. Can it—can it be that grand-mamma has noticed or suspected something, and so told her own story to-night—every word of which touched my heart as an accusation? Can she have read his intentions—and suspected my folly?"

"I cannot tell," replied her sister. "But, Isabel, if you are wise, you will confess everything to grand-mamma, and ask guidance."

"I will—I promise you I will." "Then do it at once," returned Lotty. "Often she sits reading far into the night. Let me look if the light is shining from her room—it always shows beneath the door."

"Oh, surely she is asleep by this time." "At any rate, let me ascertain if it be so," resumed Lotty, opening the door gently. "Yes; I see the light; she is still up. Go now—go while you have the resolution."

Thus strengthened by sisterly sympathy and

good counsel, Isabel knocked at Lady Elderton's door, and was promptly admitted. No room in the house was better known to her than that bed-chamber, yet, to-night, its adornments impressed Isabel in a manner they had never done before. Her grandfather's sword and epaulets hung on the wall, with many memorials to his fame and honor; his portrait looked down upon the scene; while the widow, majestic in her age, and serene in her sorrow, sat with her gray hair floating over her shoulders, and an open Bible before her. Serene she was in the sorrow of her widowhood, but to-night there was a trouble arising from her belief that Isabel was entangling herself in a mystery.

Yes, but a mystery that is not to be explained, since at that midnight hour, in that sacred chamber, a full confession was made, and a foolish letter, sealed and stamped quite ready for the post, was burned unread—burnt, together with the letter something worse than foolish, which had drawn it forth. Was it singing-master, or handsome penniless ne'er-do-well acquaintance, or military partner at a ball, who had been seeking surreptitiously the hand of Isabel Dudley, coheiress of a large property, but under age, and very inexperienced of the world and its evil ways! I shall not tell. Such schemers' plans are singularly alike, though always with a difference. It is enough that Isabel Dudley had strength given her to shake off a brief infatuation. Travel and reading, and cultivated society, during the next year or two, enlarged her mind, and quickened her intellectual faculties, so that her standard of excellence was altogether heightened.

There is a rumor that both sisters are engaged to be married—to suitors perfectly approved by their parents. Perhaps "romantic" young people may say; "Approved because they are of wealth and position." But that is not the chief "because;" though, principles being good, and characters being sympathetic, it is no mean guarantee for happiness that married people are of the same rank in life, have had similar associations, and, in fact, have lived during their early life in a similar social atmosphere. And perhaps unfortunate marriages would sometimes be prevented, if elder friends and relatives spoke sympathetically to the young while yet there was time to retrace a false step; or if they emulated the self-sacrifice of Lady Elderton, when, to point a moral, she related the story of her own girlish folly.

SANCTITY OF AN OATH.

"Abolish all legal punishment for perjury," said I, dogmatically, at the end of a desultory argument with some of the other clerks in the San Francisco Mint, "and not one witness in a dozen would speak the truth. As for their oaths—bah! They don't care that for them!"—snapping my fingers like the cluck of a hen.

"I don't know, boys," said John Fleming, who had taken no part in the discussion, laying down his pen, and squaring about upon his stool; "I don't know that I can say anything on this question worth listening to, but if you will stop your confounded figuring a moment I'll relate a little experience of mine that may be of service to this young gentleman who knows so very much about the nature of an oath and most other things."

There was a general snapping together of ledgers and all manner of books; Government clerks do not require much of a pretext to stop work. We all gathered about John, like bees about Hymettus, and he began:

I was a witness, once, in a murder case at Pinkerton's Bluff, on the North Sandy, just above the falls. Bob D—, a friend of mine—knew him in the States—was charged with having killed Dave Thatcher, known in all that region as Bet-you Dave. He had been a born debater, had Dave. He was never known to agree with the opinions of any man at The Bluff, upon any question under heaven; and he made use of but one argument—"I bet you five dollars."

The moment he heard any one make an assertion, express a belief, or hint a rumor—frequently before possessing his mind of the speaker's full meaning—he'd bet him five dollars it wasn't so! When nobody was talking he would try in all indirect ways to entrap some one into indicating an opinion upon some subject, and then he was down upon him with that everlasting wager. He would put up the money, too, and what's more he would commonly win, unless there was a dead sure thing against him; but this was so frequently the case that it kept him poor. If, in Dave's presence, a man dared affirm that his dog was yellow, quick as lightning came an offer to bet him five dollars he wasn't; and it came with such positive energy that if the man hadn't seen his dog since morning it was ten chances to one he would back squarely down or haggle for time to go and take another look. I never saw Dave myself; it was after his time that I came to The Bluff; but the fame of his extraordinary wagers, and the no less extraordinary way in which he sometimes won them, was in everybody's mouth.

On the fifteenth day of July, in '58, Dave and my friend Bob D— passed the whole evening together in the bar-room of the Spread Eagle Hotel, and during the time Bob lost three straight bets with him. About nine o'clock they departed together, quarrelling about the manner in which Bob had been silenced but not convinced.

Dave was never afterwards seen alive; but the next spring a dead body, almost past recognition, was discovered hidden away in *chapparral*, near the side of the road over which the two must have passed to reach their houses, about two miles from town. Nearly everybody said the body was that of Dave, and as it had a bullet in it—not some old bullet, such as anyone might have somewhere in his system, but a comparatively fresh one, which had passed through the heart—Bob was taken into custody, charged with the deed. In the meantime I had moved up from below the falls, and as the whole town had taken the other side I determined to stand by the friend whom I had known in the States.

At the trial the court-room was packed with people, and the tide of public opinion set so strongly against the prisoner that the Judge had to draw his six-shooter a dozen times to keep order. After a score of witnesses had been examined for the prosecution, every one of whom made things look very black for Robert, the State rested its case. Then the attorney for the defence, arose and simply said:

"Your Honor, I shall make no preliminary statement, and I shall call but one witness. By him I shall prove an *alibi*, or give up the case."

"Eh! What's that?" shouted the District Attorney, hopping upon his feet—as fussy a little rascal as ever snorted law before a deaf Justice of the Peace. "Will you prove that the prisoner was not on Spanish Town road the night of the alleged murder?"

"No; I'll prove that the deceased was not." There was a marked sensation in court as my name was called, and I was solemnly sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"At ten o'clock on the night of July 15, 1858," I began, circumstantially, "I was walking along the river bank, on the side of town opposite the Spanish Town road, and just above the falls. I wouldn't trouble myself, if I were you"—turning to the District Attorney—"to ask what I was walking there for, because it isn't anybody's business."

"I appeal to the Court!" screeched the little rascal, springing to his feet, "if I'm to be insulted in this way!"

"Keep still, will you," said his Honor, "and let the witness proceed." I had made a favorable impression at the start, and it gave me confidence. I resumed:

"It was a warm moonlight evening, and the mist rising above the cataract was less dense than usual; so I could see tolerably well. Just at the brink, on an overhanging rock, I saw a tall bent figure in gray clothes, wearing a slouch hat—a very bad hat; I don't see more than a hundred worse ones in this room." There was a smile all round, and then the District Attorney asked me if I had known the deceased, Mr. Thatcher, in his lifetime. I replied that I had not—had never seen him.

"Remember that, gentlemen of the jury," said he, with a conceited smile; "remember the witness had never seen nor heard of the deceased. We don't mean to controvert the witness's statement on that point, sir," he added, addressing the counsel for the defence, and smirking as if he had got hold of a good thing which he would hold in reserve as a final crusher."

"Cuss you!" roared the Judge, "keep your mouth shut, will you? The witness will proceed."

"I approached this person on the rock," I continued, "and said, 'Good evening.'"

"Bet you five dollars it ain't!" said he, turning sharply about.

At this there was a general snigger from the spectators, and Dave Thatcher's widow, who sat near, looked up with a sudden hope in her face that was cheerful to see. I resumed my testimony:

"Do you see that oak on the other bank?" continued the man on the rock, pointing to a conspicuous pine.

"I thought the fellow must be a maniac, and I did not know just what to answer; but presently replied that I was not certain whether I saw it or not—it depended upon circumstances."

"He was silent for some moments; then he shivered and chattered his teeth."

"Snow before morning," said he. "Perhaps so," said I, non-committally; "seems thickening up, but that may be an optical illusion."

"Then he wanted to know if I remembered what year General Jackson was elected President—'wasn't in '52?' I told him I did not recollect. After awhile he said carelessly:

"They're talking, here at The Bluff, about running Ben. Franklin for next President."

"I made no reply. Then he came up to me and laid a hand on my shoulder."

"See here, stranger," said he, "is there any subject you feel at home on? Have you got any hobby—any opinions?"

"I am not sure," I replied; "some people have opinions, and some don't have any. Some that do have them don't have them all the time; and those that have them all the time often forget them."

"Well, I swear!" said he, disgusted, "I'm going to jump over these falls—bet you five dollars I will!"

"I said nothing, and he continued: 'I shall be exactly three seconds and a half getting to the bottom—won't I now?'"

"Possibly. Maybe a little more than that—maybe a little less—maybe just that. I don't remember ever jumping over any cascades myself."

"He gave me one look, laid off his hat, backed up to the brink of the precipice, and dropped

himself down, hanging on to the edge with his hands. Then he let go, falling three hundred feet into the boiling whirlpool below!"

"May it please the Court," shrieked the little District-Attorney, lunging forward upon his hind feet, "I want to put one question to this witness now! You say, sir, you had never seen the deceased Mr. Thatcher up to the moment you met him on that rock—and never heard of him—and never heard of any of his relations. Now, sir, on your oath, on your Bible oath, sir! how do you know this man you saw go over the falls was Dave Thatcher? How do you know it, sir?"

"I don't know it. I know it was not he. For just before he let go the rock he looked up at me, with his nose above the edge, and said:

"You think I'm Dave Thatcher, don't you?"

"I told him he might be, or he might not."

"Just so!" said he, desperately, as his fingers began to slip. "Bet you five dollars I ain't!"

There was a good deal of loose talk in court after this, but the spectators would not listen to it, and Bob D— was triumphantly acquitted, being borne through the town on the shoulders of the jury, to the music of a brass band and the cheers of the whole population.

But Dave Thatcher's widow persisted in putting up a handsome headstone over the remains of the unknown dead, and was going to have it inscribed with her late husband's name, and what she still regarded as the manner of his death, when Bob stopped the proceedings by marrying her.

"I don't see what all this has to do with the question of the advisability of swearing witnesses in court," said I, when John had finished his yarn.

"Don't, eh? It's got this to do with it. There wasn't a prison in the State which I had not broken out of a thousand times. If I hadn't been put upon my Bible oath what was to prevent my telling a lie?"

THE ST. PETERSBURG FLOODS.

The correspondent at St. Petersburg, of the London "Standard," writes of the recent floods at that City:—"St. Petersburg lies very low; it is, in fact, built upon a marsh, and is always in danger of inundation when the current of the Neva is opposed by a southwesterly wind. In former times these floods did a great deal of damage and when the water had risen to a height signals were made to warn the inhabitants of the danger; flags by day and lanterns by night were placed on the Admiralty tower, and guns were constantly fired from the fortress. This practice is still continued, but as the soil has become gradually raised, serious inundations have of late years been rare, and since the flood of 1824, when the waters of the Neva reached a height of eighteen feet about their usual level, there has been nothing equal to the rise of Tuesday last, the 14th inst. The weather had been unusually warm during the day; at sunset it became evident that a storm was approaching, and towards 7 o'clock it blew a perfect hurricane. The water rose rapidly, and the lower parts of the town were completely flooded. By 2 o'clock, a.m. the water was almost ten feet above its usual height, so that it flowed into many streets which had not been submerged since the great inundation. Some of the thoroughfares were literally converted into rivers. The trees in the public gardens were broken or uprooted, ships in the river were torn from their anchors and thrown against the floating bridges, all of which were more or less damaged. Telegraphic communications were suspended, as many of the posts were thrown down and the wires torn away by the wind. At the extremity of the Vassili Ostroff, several coasting ships were floated into the streets, the wooden pavement was destroyed, fences were carried away, chimney-pots thrown down, and roofs torn off. The poor people were panic stricken, and many were obliged to abandon the little property they possessed, being only too glad to save their lives. Some were taken off in boats. A poor *izvostchick* was seen to mount his horse and gallop away to a place of safety, leaving his drosky and harness to their fate. The Zoological Gardens were completely under water, and the proprietors had the greatest difficulty in saving the animals. The elephant, in particular, gave a great deal of trouble, but he was at last led in safety to the nearest police station, where he remained for the night. The effects of the storm was felt for many miles around St. Petersburg."

At Tsarkoe, Selo, Pavlovsk, and Peterhoff, people were kept awake all night for fear of the roofs of their houses being blown off. At Cronstadt, considerable damage was done to the shipping, and at Sestroretsk a wharf was destroyed by the violence of the waves, and two watchmen were drowned. To add to the horrors of this eventful night, there were no less than four fires, and the head police master was quite at his wits' end as they were all reported to him. Soon after two o'clock, the wind veered round to the north, and the current being no longer impeded, the water fell as rapidly as it had risen. On the following morning a locomotive was seen plying along the Newsky offering to pump the water out of the cellars, and during the remainder of the week the attention of a greater part of the population was devoted to removing the traces of the inundation. The loss of property has been immense, but it is believed that at St. Petersburg no lives were lost.

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THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DEC. 20, 1873.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We request intending contributors to take notice that in future Rejected Contributions will not be returned.

Letters requiring a private answer should always contain a stamp for return postage.

No notice will be taken of contributions unaccompanied by the name and address of the writer (not necessarily for publication,) and the Editor will not be responsible for their safe keeping.

CONTRIBUTIONS DECLINED.

Queer Day's Fishing; A Wayward Woman; Christmas Eve on the Snow; Miss March's Christmas Eve; Love in Poetry; Delays are Dangerous: The Wrong Boat; Three Lovers; Poetical Temperance Tale; George Leitrim; The Mysterious Letter; Trial and Triumphs of Elizabeth Ray, School Teacher; Little Mrs. Rivington; Sentenced to Death; The New Teacher; Harris Lockwood; The Backwoods Schoolmaster; Mrs. Power's Lucky Day; Nick Plowshare's Fairy Story; That Emigrant Girl; The Phantom Trapper; A Romance of Poutsville; My Cousin Coralie; The Dying Year's Lament; Dawn; Improvisation; Skeletons; He Will Return; Susie; The Merchant's Reward; A Night at St. Aubé's; And Then; Blossom and Blight! Esther's Lovers; The Mystery of Boutwell Hall; Mount Royal Cemetery; Blighted Hopes; Minnie Lee's Valentines; Eva Hillmore's Valentine; A Tom Cat in the Breach; The Fatal Stroke; Only a Farmer; Meta's Broken Faith; How We Spend a Holiday in Newfoundland; Twice Wedded; John Jones and His Bargain; The Clouded Life; My Own Canadian Home; The Lost Atlantic; Gay and Grave Gossip; Lovely Spring; From India to Canada; Resurgam; A Railway Nap and its Consequences; Love or Money; For His Sake; Showed In; The False Heart and the True; Leave Me; Is There Another Shore; Weep Not For Me; Those Old Grey Walls; The Stepmother; Tom Arnold's Charge; Worth, Not Wealth; Miriam's Love; Modern Conveniences; Little Clare; Mirabile Dictu; Up the Saguenay; Ella Loring; Charles Foot; The Heroine of Mount Royal; The Rose of Fernhurst; Photographing Our First-born; Neskeonough Lake; A Midnight Adventure; Jean Douglas; The Restored Lover; Woman's Courage; A Story in a Story; Tried and True; Dr. Solon Sweetbottle; Second Sight; Eclipses; Geneviève Duclos; Our Destiny; Port Royal; Night Thoughts; Mr. Bouncer's Travels; Watching the Dead; Delusions; To Shakespeare; An Adventure; The Wandering Minstrel; Spring; The White Man's Revenge; The Lilacs; A Trip Around the Stove; My First Situation; An Unfortunate Resurrection; Our John; Kitty Merle; History of William Wood; Willersleigh Hall; A Night at Mrs. Manning's; Won and Lost; The Lady of the Falls; Chronicles of Willoughby Centre; Why Did She Doubt Him; Jack Miller the Drover; Ellen Mayford; Recompensed.

These MSS. will be preserved until the Fourth of January next, and if not applied for by that time will be destroyed. Stamps should be sent for return postage.

The Age of Vulgar Glitter; Mrs. Seymore's Curly; To the Absent; By the Waters; Alms; To a Lover; A Fragment from the Scenes of Life; The Axle of the Heavens; The Correct View; Apostrophe to a Tear; June; A Debtor's Dilemmas; Proved; Wanted Some Beaux; Canadian Rain Storm After Long Drought; The Murderer's Mistake; Yesterday; Carrie's Hat and What Came of It; Leonie Collyer's Error; A Memory Autumn.

These MSS. will be preserved until the Twentieth of December next.

THE ART OF TALKING.

Conversation, as an art, has been made less the subject of study than might have been expected; and professors of that art have, as one cannot but think, shown some degree of selfishness in keeping their discoveries in connection with it to themselves. We are thrown then, upon our own resources. Let us see if we cannot grope our way to some few truths concerning it. Among these, one of the first which asserts itself strongly is the conviction that we must avoid, by all means and at any expense, the practice of dragging in the topic on which we wish to talk, by main force. If our talk is to prosper, the subject of it must be led up to gradually; and what is more, naturally; the conversation reaching it by easy stages, and, as one may say, in the course of nature. And this leading up must, you are entreated to remember, be the work of destiny, and by no means brought about by you who desire to profit by it.

Next in magnitude to the fault of dragging in your subject neck and heels, is the error of leading up to it yourself in a forced and unnatural manner. You must wait for your opportunity. Self-control and patience are as necessary to the attainment of conversation as of any other distinction. You must be patient, then, but you must also be vigilant; a combination of qualities rare, but indispensable to those who would be great in anything. You must be ready when that opportunity which has been spoken of does come, to seize it and hold it fast. You must hold your remark, your description, your story, or whatever it is, in check, as a skilful gillie does a deerhound; but you must be ready to let it slip when the right moment comes. If that moment is missed your chance is gone. You cannot revive the subject: to assert that such resuscitation is possible, would be to mislead many unoffending and perhaps deserving persons.

We have all of us seen resuscitation attempted. "You were talking just now of dromedaries; it reminds me of a clever thing said by Professor Humps." We have all heard something of this sort in our time; but have we ever known the anecdote thus introduced to succeed? The fact is, that there are some people, the peculiar nature of whose genius it is to suggest to them the most brilliant retorts and the most apposite remarks, some considerable time after the occasion when they would have been useful and appropriate has passed away. We should be sorry to disparage the intellectual gifts of such persons, but we are compelled to say that we can give them no comfort. Above all, we cannot encourage any attempt to make use of these same laggard ideas. If a good thing comes into your head after the opportunity of letting it loose upon society has gone by, the best thing you can do, therefore, is to gulp it down altogether, or keep it by you, in case a use for it should come in the course of time.

In addition to this readiness, the importance of which has been so strongly insisted on, it is necessary that any individual who hopes to get on as a talker, should be, to some extent, morally thick-skinned and tough, as he will have in the pursuit of the object which he has set before him, to encounter many things which, to persons of a sensitive nature, are extremely distressing. It is, for instance—and still keeping to the question of fortunate and unfortunate times for starting a subject—by no means an uncommon thing with an habitual talker to make a false start, and to find himself baulked just at the moment when he is beginning to hold forth. The best talkers are liable to be thus interrupted. Therefore, if, when you begin, "I was travelling last summer in the Pyrenees," you should happen to find that somebody else, with greater power of voice, or better social standing, or both, has just started something else, or that some other tiresome person, whose conversational innings you thought was over, is still, metaphorically, upon his legs, you must not mind, but must try again at the next opportunity, or at the next after that; for Destiny, when she has once begun to baulk a man, has a way of going on doing so. One thing you must not do: you must not let the matter drop. You must travel over those Pyrenees, even if you are hindered in starting on the journey, as will occasionally happen, half a dozen times. You will get to have a very cordial detestation of the opening words of your own story at about the third repetition of them, and you will, moreover, find that any old established talkers who may be present will wear a surprised look as you go on; but you must bear these things as well as you can. There are difficulties connected with the pursuit of all the arts, and the art of talking is no exception to the rest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed to the Editor FAVORITE and marked "Correspondence."

JULIA.—There is no receipt for thickening the growth of the eyebrows.

A SHIELD.—The name George is derived from the Greek, and means, "husbandman."

W. W.—A proper "four weeks' notice" is not from date to date, but for twenty-eight days.

HONESTY.—You have acted quite correctly, and in a manner that reflects credit upon you.

DAISY.—Superfluous hair, though removed by depilatory or tweezers, will always grow again.

MOSS-ROSE.—The engagement ring is worn, in this country, on the fourth finger of the left hand.

E. B.—When an engagement is broken off, the letters and presents should be returned on both sides.

MAY.—The gentlemen usually provides the home and furniture, and the lady the linen on marriage.

SOUCHONG.—Green tea is usually held to produce nervousness. At all times it should be drunk sparingly.

BETA.—We believe there is a school of art for ladies in Munich; but we are not quite sure. There are plenty in Paris.

ALFRED S. W.—Most certainly the master can punish his run-away apprentice, even though the latter has since attained his majority.

WINIFRED.—An engagement ring is the one given to a young lady by her "intended," on the day when he obtained her assent to his suit.

EXCELSIOR.—Archimedes was a celebrated ancient geometrician, born at Syracuse, about two hundred years before the Christian era.

FAIRPLAY.—It would be very improper and indecorous for a young lady to wave her handkerchief at all to a gentleman on the opposite side of the street.

POLLY.—We can give you no better advice than that already given. Some people are constitutionally inclined to be stout, and cannot possibly get thin. Drinking vinegar is not to be thought of.

X. Y. Z.—Under the circumstances you mention, you cannot do better than you seem to be doing, — namely, remaining faithful to each other until you are both of age, when you can act for yourselves.

JOHN.—A young lady has no business to be walking at all with a young gentleman who is engaged to another young lady. A gentleman need not take off his glove to shake hands with a lady when she has got her own gloves on.

NELLIE.—When a lady, at a ball, does not wish to dance, she must say so to those gentlemen who invite her; but having refused one for that reason, she must not accept the offer of any other. If your former letter remained unanswered, it must have miscarried.

B. T.—1. To keep a good complexion wash your face in rain water and live moderately. Rise early and do not keep late hours. 2. A person by will can appoint trustees to pay the interest of a certain sum to any one while a minor, and when of age the principal may be paid over.

INCE.—An ordinary clerk in an insurance office must write a good hand, be apt at figures, and possess, in fine, a good commercial education. There is no such thing as an "apprenticeship" in such an office. Salaries vary very much. As a matter of course, it requires interest with some director or manager to obtain a clerkship.

T. C.—Glycerine comes from the Greek, and means sweet. It is obtained by saponifying olive oil with oxide of lead mixed with a little water. It is then purified from the oxide of lead by means of hydrosulphuric acid. It is transparent, colorless, and devoid of smell, and is really no more than carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen.

FRANK.—Marshal MacMahon, marshal and senator, was born at Sully in July, 1808. He derives his descent from an Irish family who risked and lost all for the last of the Stuart kings. The MacMahons carrying their national traditions, ancestral pride, and historic name to France, mingled their blood by marriage with the old nobility of their adopted country. This member of the family entered the military service of France in 1825, at the school of St. Cyr; was sent to the Algerian wars in 1830, while acting as aide-de-camp to General Achard, took part in the expedition to Antwerp in 1832; attained to the rank of Captain in 1833; and, after holding the post of aide-de-camp to several African generals, and taking part in the assault of Constantine, was nominated Major of Foot Chasseurs in 1840, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Foreign Legion in 1842, Colonel of the 41st of the Line in 1845, and General of Brigade in 1848. When, in 1855, General Canrobert left the Crimea, General MacMahon, then in France, was selected by Louis Napoleon to succeed him in the command of a division; and when the chiefs of the allied armies resolved on assaulting Sebastopol, Sept. 8, they assigned to General MacMahon the perilous post of carrying the works of the Malakoff. For his brilliant success on this occasion he was made Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor; and in 1856 was nominated

ed a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath. General MacMahon, who took a conspicuous part in the Italian campaign of 1859, received the baton of a Marshal, and was created Duke of Magenta, in commemoration of that victory. He represented France at the coronation of William III. of Prussia (now the Emperor of the German people) in November, 1861; was nominated to the command of the third corps d'armée Oct. 14, 1862, and was nominated Governor-General of Algeria by decree Sept. 1, 1864. As Commander in Chief the destinies of France now lie, humanly speaking, within his hands.

NEWS NOTES.

The death is announced of Bishop Armitage of Milwaukee.

A DESPATCH from Cartagena says the blockading squadron, except the "Saragossa," returned to off the harbor.

AN attempt has been made to burn the "Virginus," and thus prevent her delivery to the United States Government.

It is now said that the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with the daughter of the Czar has been postponed until February.

BESIDES the great consistory to be held at Rome on the 22nd instant, another important consistory will be held about Easter.

PRESIDENT MacMahon and his wife have contributed 5,000 francs to the fund for the survivors of the "Ville du Havre" disaster.

THE crew of the "Loch Earn," which sank the "Ville du Havre," have been landed at Plymouth by another vessel, having abandoned their own in a sinking condition.

AN imperial ukase has been issued requiring that six men out of every 1,000 inhabitants of Russia, including the Polish provinces, shall be drafted into the army.

King Victor Emmanuel and the Chevalier Nigra, late Italian ambassador at Paris, had a long conference last week. It is understood Chevalier Nigra will return to Paris.

THE Reichstag has rejected, by 193 of a majority, a motion censuring the Legislature, introduced by the Government and directed against the Ultramontane Catholics.

MR. CHARLES REED, M. P., addressing his constituents at Hackney lately testified to the excellent effect of American temperance legislation, and urged its imitation in England.

A SPECIAL from Madrid says: A Cabinet crisis is imminent; great indignation is manifested at President Grant's message and Castelar's alleged pandering to the United States.

A SPECIAL to the *Pall Mall Gazette* says, as Baron Reuter did not begin the works of internal improvement in Persia within the time fixed upon, the Shah declared the convention void.

THE Bazaine trial has been concluded. The accused has been sentenced to be degraded from his rank and then executed. All the members of the Court afterwards signed an appeal for mercy. It is not likely the sentence will be fully carried out.

THE House Committee on appropriations has agreed to recommend that four millions be appropriated for the immediate requirements of the navy, complying with the request of Secretary Robeson, except as to the amount asked for, which they cut down from five to four.

It is said, at the time of writing, the demand of the United States set forth in the protocol has been agreed to, and the agreement has received official signatures. This agreement does not differ in terms in any essential particular from the protocol already printed, except that the time, place and manner of delivering the "Virginus" and prisoners to the United States and the salute to the flag, which had not been settled at the time the protocol was signed, have now been fixed. The "Virginus" is to be delivered to our navy on Christmas Day.

IN Congress last week Mr. Phillips, of Kansas, asked leave to offer a resolution, reciting the fact "that a state of war has existed for some years in the island of Cuba, and that under its excitement the steamer 'Virginus' has been seized, the American flag hauled down, and a large number of those on board cruelly massacred; and declaring that in that massacre Congress recognized this act of barbarism unworthy of civilization; that the United States should use means to repress and check such cruel acts; that Congress reaffirms the doctrine that the occupants of any portion of the American continent and the island thereof are the proper rulers of the country they occupy; that it is the duty of the United States whenever the people of Cuba or any other part of America indicate their desire to throw off the yoke promptly to recognize and sympathize with them; that in view of recent events humanity dictates the early recognition of Cuban independence; that the continuance of slavery in Cuba is inconsistent with, and injurious to, the civilization of the continent, and it is the duty of the United States to exert all means for its speedy overthrow; that our maritime rights are disrespected; insult to the American flag should be promptly met." It was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

BYRON'S FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE.

Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well,—
Even though unforgiven, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bare before thee,
Where thy head so oft has lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee,
Which thou ne'er canst know again;

Would that breast by thee glanc'd over,
Every inmost thought could show,
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world, for this, commend thee,
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe.

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found—
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound!

Yet—oh, yet—thyself deceive not—
Love may sink by cold decay,
But by sudden wrench believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away.

Still thine own life retaineth—
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat,
And the undying thought which paineth,
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And, when thou wouldst solace gather—
When our child's first accents flow—
Wilt thou teach her to say—father!
Though his care she must forego.

When her little hands shall press thee;
When her lip to thine is press'd—
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had bless'd.

Should her lineaments resemble
Those they never more mayst see—
Then thy heart would softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults, perchance, thou knowest—
All my madness none can know—
All my hopes were e'er thou goest—
Thither yet with thee they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride—which not a world could bow—
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now.

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridge
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well—thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie—
Seared in heart, and lone—and blighted—
More than this I scarce can die.

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PUBLICANS and SINNERS

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "To The Bitter End," "The Outcasts," &c., &c.

BOOK THE LAST.

CHAPTER I.

AT ROUEN.

It was still quite early in the day when Lucius entered Rouen, but the bustle of commerce had begun upon the quays. Shrill voices bawled to each other among the shipping, and it seemed as if a small slice of the West India Docks had been transferred to this bluer stream. The bustle of business here was a very small matter compared with the press and clamor of the Shadrack-Basin district. Still the town had a prosperous progressive air. Lofty stone-fronted mansions and lofty stone-fronted ware-houses glared whitely in the sunshine, some finished and occupied, but more in process of construction. This mushroom growth of modern commerce seemed to have risen all at once, to overshadow the quaint old city where the warrior-maid was martyred. Lucius, who had not seen the place for some years, looked round him aghast. This broad lime-white boulevard, these tall lime-white buildings, were as new as Aladdin's palace.

"What has become of my Rouen?" he asked himself dejectedly. The city had pleased him five years ago, when he and Geoffrey passed

through it during a long vacation excursion, but the queer old gabled houses, older than the Fronde—nay, many of them ancient as the famous Joan herself—the archways, the curious nooks and corners, the narrow streets and inconvenient footways, in a word, all that had made the city at once delightful to the tourist and unwholesome for its inhabitants, seemed to be extinguished by those new boulevards and huge houses.

A quarter of an hour's exploration, however, showed Lucius that much that was interesting in his Rouen still remained. There was the narrow street and its famous sweetmeat shops, once the chief thoroughfare; yonder the noble old cathedral; there St. Ouen, that grandest and purest of Gothic churches. Modern improvement had not touched these, save to renovate their olden splendor.

The traveller did not even stop to refresh himself, but went straight to the Rue Jeanne d'Arques, a narrow quiet street in an out-of-the-way corner, behind the Palais de Justice; so quiet, indeed, that it was difficult to imagine, in the gray stillness of this retreat, that the busy, prosperous, Napoleonic or Haussmannised city was near at hand.

The street was as clean as it was dull, and had a peculiar neatness of aspect, which is, as it were, the seal of respectability. A large white Angora cat purred upon one of the doorsteps—a canary chirped in an open window—a pair of mirrors attached to the sides of another case, in the Belgian fashion, denoted that there were some observing eyes which did not deem even the scanty traffic of the Rue Jeanne d'Arques beneath their notice. Most of the houses were in private occupation, but there were two or three shops—one a lace-shop, another a watchmaker's, and the watchmaker's was next door to Number 17.

Lucius crossed to the opposite side of the way and inspected this Number 17—the house from which Madame Dumarques, Lucille's mother, had written to Ferdinand Sivebright. It had no originality in its physiognomy. Like the rest of the houses in the street, it was dull and clean—like them it looked eminently respectable. It inspired no curiosity in the observer—it suggested no mystery hidden among its inhabitants.

Should he pull that brightly-polished brass knob and summon the porter or portress, and ask to see the present inmates of Number 17? There might be two or three different families in the house, though it was not large. His eye wandered to the watchmaker's next door. A shop is neutral ground, and a watchmaker's trade is leisurely, and inclines its practitioners to a mild indulgence in gossiping. The watchmaker would in all probability know a good deal about Number 17, its occupants past and present.

Lucius recrossed the street and entered the watchmaker's shop. He was pleased to find that mechanician seated before the window examining the intestines of a chronometer through a magnifying glass, but with no appearance of being pressed for time. He was old and gray and small, with a patient expression which promised good nature even towards a stranger.

Lucius gave a conciliatory cough and wished him good-morning, a salutation which the watchmaker returned with brisk politeness. He gave a sigh of relief and laid down the chronometer, as if he were rather glad to be done with it for a little while.

"I regret to say that I do not come as a customer," said Lucius. The watchmaker shrugged his shoulders and smiled, as who should say, "Fate does not always favor me." "I come rather to ask your kindly assistance in my search for information about some people who may be dead long ago, for anything I know to the contrary. Have you lived any length of time in this street, sir?"

"I have lived in this street all the time that I have lived at all, sir," replied the watchmaker. "I was born in this house, and my father was born here before me. There is a little notch in yonder door which indicates my height at five years old; my father cut it in all the pride of a paternal heart, my mother looking on with maternal love. My aftergrowth did not realise the promise of that period."

Lucius tried to look interested in this small domestic episode, but failed somewhat in the endeavor; so eager was he to question the watchmaker about the subject he had at heart.

"Did you ever hear the name of Dumarques in this street?" he asked.

"Did I ever hear my own name?" exclaimed the watchmaker. "One is not more familiar to me than the other. You mean the Dumarques who lived next door."

"Yes, yes—are they there still?"

"They! They are dead. It is not every one who lives to the age of Voltaire."

"Are they all dead?" asked Lucius, disheartened. It seemed strange that an entire family should be swept away within fifteen years.

"Well, no; I believe Julie Dumarques is still living. But she left Rouen some years ago."

"Do you know where she has gone?"

"She went to Paris; but as to her address in Paris—no, I do not know that. But if it is vital to you to learn it—"

"It is vital to me."

"I might possibly put you in the way of obtaining the information, or procure it for you."

"I shall be most grateful if you can do me that favor. Any trifling recompense which I can offer you—"

"Sir, I require no reward beyond the consciousness of having performed a worthy action. I am a disciple of Jean Jacques Rousseau; I live entirely on vegetable diet; and I endeavor to assist my fellow-creatures."

"I thank you, sir, for your disinterested kindness. And now perhaps you will lay me under a farther obligation by telling me all you can about these neighbours of yours?"

"Willingly, sir."

"Were they tradespeople, or what, these Dumarques?"

"Wait a little, sir, and I will tell you everything," said Monsieur Gastin, the little watchmaker. He ushered Lucius into a neat little sitting-room, which was evidently also his bedroom, installed him in an armchair covered with bright yellow velvet, took a second yellow-velvet chair for himself, clasped his bony hands upon his angular knee, and began his story. Through the half-glass door he commanded an admirable view of his shop, and was ready to spring up at any moment, should a customer invite his attention.

"Old André Dumarques, the father, had been in the cotton trade, when the cotton trade, like almost every other trade, was a great deal better than it is now. He had made a little money—not very much, but just enough to afford him, when judiciously invested, an income that he could manage to live upon. Another man with a family like his might not have been able to live upon André Dumarques' income; but he was a man of penurious habits, and could make five-and-twenty centimes go as far as half a franc with most people. He had married late in life, and his wife was a good deal too young and too pretty for him, and the neighbors did not fail to talk, as people do talk amongst our lively nation, about such matters. But Madame Dumarques was a good woman, and though every one knew pretty well that hers wasn't a happy marriage, still no name ever came of it. She did her duty, and slaved herself to death to make both ends meet, and keep her house neat and clean. Number seventeen was a model to the rest of the street in those days, I can assure you."

"She slaved herself to death, you say, sir? What does that mean?" inquired Lucius.

"It means that she became *poitrinaire* when her youngest daughter—she had three daughters, but no son—was fifteen years old, and as pretty as her mother at the same age. Everybody had seen the poor woman fading gradually for the last six years, except her husband. He saw nothing, till the stamp of death was on her face, and then he went on like a madman. He spent his money freely enough then—had a doctor from Paris even to see her, because he wouldn't believe the Rouen doctors when they told him his wife couldn't live—and would have sacrificed anything to save her; but it was too late. A little rest, a little pleasure might have lengthened her life if she'd had it in time; but nothing could save her now. She died; and I shall never forget old André's face when I saw him coming out of his house the day after her funeral."

"He had been fond of her, then?"

"Yes, in his selfish way. He had treated her like a servant, and worse than any servant in a free country would submit to be treated, and he had expected her to wear like a machine. He had always been hard and tyrannical, and his grief, instead of softening him, changed him for the worse. He made his children's home so wretched, that two of his daughters—Julie, and Félicie—went out to service. Their poor mother had taught them all she could; for André Dumarques vowed he wouldn't waste his money on paying for his daughters to be made fine ladies. She had been educated at the Sacré Cœur, and was quite a lady. She taught them a good deal; but still people said they weren't accomplished enough to be governesses, so they got situations as lady's-maids, or humble companions, or something in that way."

"Was Félicie the youngest?"

"Yes, and the prettiest. She was the image of her mother. The others had too much of the father in them—thin lips, cold gray eyes, sharp noses. She was all life and sparkle and prettiness; too pretty to go out into the world among strangers at sixteen years old."

"Did she begin the world so young?"

"She did. The neighbours wondered that the father should let her go. I, who knew him, it may be, better than most people, for he made no friends, ventured to say as much. 'That is too pretty a flower to be planted in a stranger's garden,' said I. André Dumarques shrugged his shoulders. 'What would you?' he asked. 'My children must work for their living. I am too poor to keep them in idleness.' In effect, since his wife's death Dumarques had become a miser. He had been always mean. He had now but one desire; and that was to hoard his money."

"Do you know to whom Félicie went, when she began the world?"

"The poor child!—no, not precisely; not as to name and place. But it was to an English lady she went—I heard as much as that; for, as I said just now, Dumarques spoke more freely to me than to others. An elderly English lady, an invalid, was passing through Rouen with her brother, also elderly and English—she a maiden lady, he a bachelor. The lady's maid had fallen ill on the journey. They had been travelling in Italy, Switzerland, heaven knows where, and the lady was in sore want of an attendant; but she would have no common person, no peasant girl who talked loud and ate garlic; she must have a young person of some refinement, conversable—in brief, almost a lady. Her brother applied to the master of the hotel. The master of the hotel knew something of André Dumarques, and knew that he wanted to find situations for his daughters. 'I have the very thing at the ends of my fingers,' he said,

and sent his porter upon the spot with a note to Monsieur Dumarques, asking him to bring one of his daughters. Félicie, had been pining ever since her mother's death. She was most anxious to leave her home. She accompanied her father to the hotel. The old lady saw her, was delighted with her, and engaged her on the spot. That was how Félicie left Rouen."

"Did you ever see her again?"

"Yes, and how sorely changed! It was at least six years afterwards; and I had almost forgotten that poor child's existence. André Dumarques was dead; he had died leaving a nice little fortune behind him,—the fruit of deprivations that must have rendered his life a burden, poor man,—and his eldest daughter, Hortense, kept the house. Julie had also gone into service soon after Félicie left home. Hortense had kept her father's house ever since her mother's death. She kept it still, though there was now no father for whom to keep it. She must have been very lonely, and though the house was a picture of neatness, it had a melancholy air. Mademoiselle Dumarques kept three or four cats, and one old servant who had been in the family for years; no one ever remembered her being young, not even I, who approach the age of my great countryman, Voltaire."

"And she came back—Félicie?" asked Lucius, somewhat exercised in spirit by the watchmaker's *longueur*.

"She came back; but, ah, how changed! It was more like the return of a ghost from the grave than of that bright creature I remembered six years before. I have no curiosity about my neighbours; and though I love my fellow creatures in the abstract, I rarely trouble myself about particular members of my race, unless they make some direct appeal to my sympathy. Thus, had I been left to myself, I might have remained for an indefinite period unaware of Félicie's return. But I have a housekeeper who has the faults as well as the merits of her sex. While I devote my leisure to those classic writers who have rendered my native land illustrious, she, worthy soul, gives her mind to the soup, and the affairs of her neighbours. One morning, after an autumnal night of wind and rain—a night upon which a humanitarian mind would hardly have refused shelter to a strange cur—my housekeeper handed me my omelet and poured out my wine with a more important air than usual; and I knew that she was bursting to tell me something about my neighbours. The omelet, in the preparation of which she is usually care itself, was even a trifle burned."

"I hope you allowed her to relieve her mind."

"Yes, sir; I indulged the simple creature. You may hear her at this moment, in the little court without yonder window, singing as she works, not melodiously but cheerful."

This was in allusion to a monotonous twanging noise, something between the Irish bagpipes and a Jew's-harp, which broke the placid stillness of the Rue Jeanne d'Arques.

"Well, Marthon," I said in my friendly way, "what has happened?" She burst forth at once like a torrent. "Figure to yourself then," she exclaimed, "that any one—a human being—would travel on such a night as last night. You might have waded ankle deep upon the pavement. 'People must travel in all weathers, my good Marthon,' I replied philosophically. I had not been obliged to go out myself during the storm of the preceding evening, and was therefore able to approach the subject in a calmly contemplative frame of mind. Marthon shrugged her shoulders, and nodded her head vehemently, till her earrings jingled again. 'But a woman, then!' she cried; 'a young and beautiful woman, for instance!' This gave a new interest to the subject. My philanthropy was at once aroused. 'A young and beautiful woman out in the storm last night!' I exclaimed. 'She applied for shelter here, perhaps, and you accorded her request, and now fear that I shall disapprove. Marthon, I forgive you. Let me see this child of misfortune.' I was prepared to administer consolation to the homeless wanderer, in the broadly Christian spirit of the divine Jean Jacques Rousseau; but Marthon began to shake her head with incredible energy, and in effect, after much circumlocution on her part, for she is of a loquacious disposition, I obtained the following plain statement of facts."

Here the little watchmaker, proud of his happy knack of rounding a period, looked at Lucius for admiration; but seeing impatience rather than approval indicated in his visitor's countenance, he gave a brief sigh, inwardly denounced the unsympathetic temperament of the English generally, coughed, stretched out his neat little legs upon the yellow-velvet footstool, stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and continued thus:

"Briefly, sir, Félicie Dumarques had returned. She had arrived during that pitiless storm in a fiacre from the station, with luggage. My housekeeper had heard the vehicle stop, and had run to the door in time to see the traveller alight and enter the next house. She had seen Félicie's face by the light of the street-lamp, which, as you may have observed, is near my door, and she told me how sadly the poor girl was changed. 'She looks as her mother did a year or two before she died,' said Marthon. 'Her cheeks are thin, and there is a feverish spot of colour on them, and her eyes are too bright. They have made her work too hard in her situation. She was evidently not expected last night, for the servant gave a scream when she saw her and seemed quite overcome with surprise. Then Mademoiselle Dumarques came down, and I saw the sisters embrace. 'Félicie!' said Hortense. 'Thou art like the dead risen from the grave!'

And then the door shut, and my housekeeper heard no more."

"You saw Félicie yourself, I suppose, afterwards?"

"Yes. She passed my door now and then; but rarely, for she seldom went out. Sometimes I used to run out and speak to her. I had known her from her cradle, remember, and she had always seemed to like me in the days when she was bright and gay. Now she had an air that was at once listless and anxious, as if she had no interest in her present life, but was waiting for something—sometimes hoping, sometimes fearing, and never happy. She would speak to me in the old sweet voice that I knew so well—her mother's voice; but she rarely smiled, and if ever she did, the smile was almost sadder than tears. Every time I saw her I saw a change for the worse; and I felt that she had begun that journey we must all take some day, even if we live to the age of the immortal Voltaire."

"Did any one ever come to see her—a gentleman—an Englishman?" inquired Lucius.

"Ah," cried the watchmaker, "I see you know her history better than I. Yes, an English gentleman did visit her. It was nearly a year after her return that he came, in the middle of summer. He stayed a week at the hotel, the same to which Félicie went to see the English lady with whom she left Rouen. This gentleman used to spend most of his time next door, and he and Félicie Dumarques drove about in a hired carriage together to different places in the neighbourhood, and for the first time since her return I saw Félicie with a happy look on her face. But there was the stamp of death there too, clear and plain enough for any eyes that could read; and I think the Englishman must have seen it as well as I. Marthon contrived to find out all that happened next door. She told me that a grand physician had come from Paris to see Félicie Dumarques, and had ordered a new treatment, which was to cure her. And then I regret to say that Marthon, who has a wicked tongue, began to say injurious things about our neighbours. I stopped her at once, forbidding her to utter a word to the discredit of Félicie Dumarques, and a short time after Marthon came to me more full of importance, to say that I was right and Félicie was an honest woman. The old servant next door had told my housekeeper that the English gentleman was Félicie's husband. They had been married in England, but they were obliged to keep their marriage a secret, on account of the Englishman's uncle, who would disinherit him if he knew his nephew had married a lady's maid, for this gentleman was nephew of the invalid lady who had taken Félicie away."

"I begin to understand," said Lucius, and then, producing the double miniature, he showed the watchmaker the two portraits.

"Is either of those faces familiar to you?" he asked.

"Both of them," cried the other. "One is a portrait of Félicie Dumarques, in the prime of her beauty; the other of the Englishman who came to visit her."

"Did you hear the Englishman's name?" inquired Lucius.

"Never, though Marthon, who does not scruple to push curiosity to impertinence, asked the direct question of the old servant next door. She was repulsed with severity. 'I have told you there is a secret,' said the woman, 'and it is one that can in no manner concern you. Madame' (meaning Félicie) 'is an angel of goodness. And do you think Mademoiselle Hortense would allow the English gentleman to come here if all was not right; she who is so correct in her conduct, and goes to mass every day?' Even Marthon was obliged to be satisfied with this. Well, sir, the Englishman went away, I saw Félicie drive home in a *voiture de remise*; she had been to the station to see him off. Great Heaven, I never beheld so sad a face! 'Alas, poor child,' I said to myself, 'all the physicians in Paris will never cure you, for you are dying of sorrow!' And I was not far wrong, sir. The poor girl died in less than a month from that day, and was buried on the hill yonder, by the chapel of our Lady of Bons Secours."

"And her elder sister?"

"Mademoiselle Hortense? She died two years ago, and lies yonder on the hill with the rest of them."

"But one sister remains, you say?"

"Yes, there is still Mademoiselle Julie. She went to Paris to a situation in a *magasin de modes*, I believe. She was always clever with her needle."

"And you think you can procure me her present address in Paris?"

"I believe I can, and without much difficulty. The house next door belongs to Mademoiselle Dumarques. The present tenants must know her address."

"I shall be beyond measure obliged again if you will obtain it for me."

"If you will be kind enough to call again this evening, I will make the inquiry in the mean time."

"I thank you, sir, heartily. You have already given me some valuable information, which may assist a most amiable young lady to regain her proper place in the world."

The disciple of Jean Jacques declared himself enraptured at the idea that he had served a fellow creature.

"There is one point, however, that I might ascertain before I leave Rouen," said Lucius, "and that is the name of Félicie's husband. You say he stayed at the same hotel at which Félicie had seen the English lady. Which hotel was it?"

"The Britannique."

"And can you give me the date of Félicie's interview with the lady?"

The watchmaker shrugged his shoulders.

"I cannot say. The years in our quiet life are so much alike. Félicie was away about six years."

"And I have a letter written by her after her return—dated. That will give me an approximate date at any rate. I'll try the Hôtel Britannique."

Lucius paused in his passage through the shop to select some trifling articles from the watchmaker's small stock of jewelry which might serve as gifts for Lucille. Slender as his means were he could not leave a service entirely unrequited. He bought a locket and a pair of earrings, at the old man's own price, and left him delighted with his visitor, and pledged to obtain Mademoiselle Dumarques' address, even should the tenant of number seventeen prove unwilling to give it.

CHAPTER II.

THE STORY GROWS CLEARER.

The Britannique was a handsome hotel on the quay, bright-looking and many-balconied. The house had a busy look, and early as it was—not long after noon—a long table in the gaily-decorated dining-room was already laid for the table d'hôte. Thereupon Lucius beheld showy pyramids of those wooly peaches and flavourless grapes and wooden pears which seem peculiar to the soil of France—the Dead-sea apples of a table-d'hôte dessert. Already napkins, spread fan-shape, adorned the glasses, ranged in double line along the vast perspective of table-cloth. Waiters were scurrying to and fro across the hall, chamber-maids bawled to each other—as only French chamber-maids can bawl—on the steep winding stair-case. An insupportable odour of dinner—strongly flavoured with garlic—pervaded the atmosphere. Tourists were hurriedly consulting time-tables, as if on the point of departure; other tourists, just arrived and burdened with luggage, were gazing disconsolately around, as if doubtful of finding accommodation. Habitués of the hotel were calmly smoking their midday cigarettes, and waiting for the dainty little breakfast which the harassed cook was so slow to produce through yonder hutch in the wall, to which hungry eyes glanced impatiently.

In a scene so busy it hardly seemed likely that Lucius would find any one willing to lend an ear, or to sit calmly down and thoughtfully review the past, in order to discover the identity of those English guests who had taken Félicie Dumarques away from her joyless home. He made the attempt notwithstanding, and walked into a neat little parlour to the left, where two disconsolate female—strangers to each other and regardless of each other's woes—were poring over the mysteries of a couple of railway-guides; and where a calm-looking middle-aged female, with shining black hair and neat little white-lace cap, sat at a desk making out accounts.

To this tranquil personage Mr. Davoren addressed himself.

"Could I see the proprietor of the hotel?"

The lady shrugged her shoulders dubiously. As a rule, she told Lucius, the proprietor did not permit himself to be seen. He had his servants, who arranged everything.

"Cannot I afford you any information you may require, monsieur?" she asked, with an agreeable smile.

"That, madame, will depend upon circumstances. May I ask how long you have been in your present position?"

"From the age of eighteen. Monsieur Dolfe—the proprietor—is my uncle."

"That may be at most ten years," said Lucius, with gallantry.

"It is more than twenty, monsieur."

Lucius expressed his amazement.

"Yes, monsieur, I have kept these books more than twenty years."

"You must be very tired of them, I should think," said Lucius, who saw that the lady was good-natured, and inclined to oblige him.

"I am accustomed to them, monsieur, and custom endears even the driest duty. I took a week's holiday at Dieppe last summer, for the benefit of my health, but believe me I missed my books. There was a void. Pleasure is all very well for people who are used to it, but for a woman of business—that fatigues!"

"The inquiry which I wish to make relates to some English people who were staying for a short time in this house—about four-and-twenty years ago, and whose names I am anxious to discover."

Mademoiselle Dolfe elevated her black eyebrows to an almost hazardous extent.

"But, monsieur, four-and-twenty years ago! You imagine that I can recall visitors of four-and-twenty years ago? English visitors—and this hotel is three-parts filled with English visitors every year from May to October. Thirty English visitors will sit down to-day at our table d'hôte, that is to say, English and American, all the same."

"It might be impossible to remember them un-assisted; yet there are circumstances connected with these people which might recall them to you. But you have books in which visitors write their names?"

"Yes, if it pleases them. They are even asked to write; but there is no law to compel them; there is no law to prevent them writing a false name. It is a mere formula. And if I can find the names, supposing you to know the

exact date, how are we to identify them with the people you want? There are several names signed in the visitors'-book every day in our busy season. People come and go so quickly. It is an impossibility which you ask, monsieur."

"I think if I had time for a quiet chat with you I might bring back the circumstances to your recollection. It is a very important matter—a matter which may seriously affect the happiness of a person very dear to me, or I would not trouble you."

"A person very dear to you! Your betrothed perhaps, monsieur?" inquired Mademoiselle Dolfe, with evident sympathy.

Lucius felt that his cause was half won.

"Yes, madame," he said, "my betrothed, whose mother was a native of your city."

This clenched the matter. Mademoiselle Dolfe was soft-hearted and sentimental. Even the books, and the perpetual adding-up of dinners and breakfasts, service appartements, bougies, siphons, bouteilles, demi-bouteilles, and those fatal sundries which so fearfully swell an hotel bill—even this hard exercise of an exact science had not extinguished that vital spark of heavenly flame which Mademoiselle Dolfe called her soul. She had been betrothed herself, once upon a time, to the proprietor of a rival establishment, who had blighted her affections by proving inconstant to his affianced, and only too constant to the brandy-bottle. She had not forgotten that springtime of the heart, those alcyon summer evenings when she and her Gustave had walked hand-in-hand in the shadowy avenues across yonder bridge. She sighed, and looked at Lucius with the glance of compassion.

"Would it be possible for you to give me half-an-hour's quiet conversation at any time?" asked Lucius pleadingly.

"There is the evening," said Mademoiselle Dolfe. "My uncle is a severe sufferer from gout, and rarely leaves his room; but I do not think he would object to receive you in the evening for half an hour. He has all the old books of the hotel in his room—they are indeed his only library. When in want of a distraction he compares the receipt of past years with our present returns, or examines our former tariffs, with a view to any modification, the reduction or increase of our present charges. If you will call this evening at nine o'clock, monsieur, I will induce my uncle to receive you. His memory is extraordinary; and he may be able to recall events of which I in my frivolous girlhood, took little notice."

"I shall be eternally obliged to him, and to you, madame," said Lucius. "In the mean time, if you will kindly send a porter for my bag, which I left at the station, I will take up my abode here. I shall then be on the spot whenever Monsieur Dolfe may be pleased to receive me."

"You will stay here to-night, monsieur?"

"Certainly. Unhappily I must go on to Paris to-morrow morning."

Mademoiselle Dolfe surveyed a table of numbers, and rang for a chamber-maid.

"Show this gentleman to number eleven," she said; and then, turning to Lucius, she added graciously, "It is an airy chamber, giving upon the river, monsieur, and has but been this instant vacated. I shall have a dozen applications when the next train from Dieppe comes in."

Lucius thanked Mademoiselle Dolfe for this mark of favour, and went up to number eleven to refresh himself after his journey, with the assistance of as much cold water as can be obtained by hook or by crook in a foreign hotel. His toilet made, he descended to the coffee-room, when he endeavoured to derive entertainment from a flabby Rouen journal while his tardy breakfast was being prepared. This meal dispatched, he went out into the streets of the city, looked for the picturesque old bits he remembered on his last visit, mooned away a pleasant hour in the cathedral, looked in St. Ouen and finished his afternoon in the Museum of Arts, contemplating the familiar old pictures, and turning the vellum leaves of a noble missal in the library.

He dined at the table d'hôte, and after dinner returned to the Rue Jeanne d'Arques.

The little watchmaker had a triumphant air, and at once handed him a slip of flimsy paper with an address written on it in a niggling fly-leggish calligraphy.

"I had a good deal of trouble with my neighbour," he said. "He is a disagreeable person, and we have embroiled ourselves a little on the subject of our several dustbins. He objects to vegetable matter; I object more strongly to the shells of stale fish, of which he and his lodgers appear to devour an inordinate quantity, judging from the contents of his dustbin. When first I put the question about Mademoiselle Dumarques I found him utterly impracticable. He knew his landlady's address, certainly, but it was not his business to communicate her address to other people; she might object to have her address made known; it might be a breach of confidence on his part. I was not a little startled when, with a sudden burst of rage, he brought his clenched fist down upon the table. 'Sacrebleu!' he cried; 'I divine your intention. Traitor! You are going to write to Mademoiselle Dumarques about my dustbin.' I assured him as soon as I recovered my scattered senses that nothing was farther from my thoughts than his dustbin. Nay, I suggested that we should henceforward regulate our dustbins upon a system more in accord with the spirit of the *contrat social* than had hitherto prevailed between us. In a word, by some judicious quotations from the inimitable Jean Jacques, I finally brought him to a more amiable

frame of mind, and induced him to give me the address, and to tell me all he knows about Mademoiselle Dumarques."

"For which devotion to my cause I owe you thousand thanks," said Lucius.

"Nay, monsieur, I would do much more to serve a fellow creature. The address you have there in your hand. It appears that Mademoiselle Dumarques set up in business for herself some years ago at that address, where she resides alone, or with some pupil to whom she confides the secrets of her art."

Lucius repeated his acknowledgments, and took his leave of the loquacious watchmaker. But he did not quit the Rue Jeanne d'Arques without pausing once more to contemplate the quiet old house in which Lucille's fair young mother had drooped and died, divided from her only child, and in a measure deserted by her husband. A shadowed life, with but a brief glimpse of happiness at best.

He reentered the hotel a few minutes before nine. The little office on the left side of the hall, where Mademoiselle Dolfe had been visible all day, and always employed, was abandoned. Mademoiselle had doubtless retired into private life, and was ministering to her gouty uncle. Lucius gave his card to a waiter, requesting that it might be taken to Mademoiselle Dolfe without delay. The waiter returned sooner than he could have hoped, and informed him that Monsieur and Mademoiselle would be happy to receive him.

He followed the waiter to a narrow staircase at the back of the house, by which they ascended to the entresol. Here, in a small sitting-room, with a ceiling which a moderate-sized man could easily touch with his hand, Lucius beheld Monsieur Dolfe reclining in a ponderous velvet-cushioned chair, with his leg on a rest; a stout man, with very little hair on his head, but, by way of succedaneum, a gold-embroidered smoking-cap. The small low room looked upon a courtyard like a well, and was altogether a stifling apartment. But it was somewhat luxuriously furnished, Lucius perceived by the subdued light of two pair of wax candles—the unfinished bougies of the establishment were evidently consumed here—and Monsieur Dolfe and his niece appeared eminently satisfied with it, and entirely unaware that it was wanting in airiness and space.

The books of the hotel, bulky business-like volumes, were ranged on a shelf in one corner of the room. Lucius's eye took that direction immediately; but Monsieur Dolfe was slow and pompous, and sipped his coffee as if in no hurry to satisfy the stranger's curiosity.

"I have told my uncle what you wish, Monsieur Davoren," said Mademoiselle graciously, and with a pleading glance at the old gentleman in the skull-cap.

"May I ask your motive in wishing to trace visitors of this hotel—visitors of twenty-four years back?" asked Monsieur Dolfe, with an important air. "Is it a will case, some disputed testament, and are you in the law?"

"I am a surgeon, as my card will show you," said Lucius, "and the case in which I am interested has nothing to do with a will. I wish to discover the secret of a young lady's parentage—a lady who at present bears a name which I believe is not her own."

"Humph," said Monsieur Dolfe doubtfully; "and there is no reward attaching to your inquiries—you gain nothing if successful?"

"I may gain a father, or at least a father's name, for the girl I love," answered Lucius frankly.

Monsieur Dolfe appeared disappointed, but Mademoiselle was enthusiastic.

"Ah, see you," she cried to her uncle, "is it not interesting?"

Lucius stated his case plainly. At the name of Dumarques Monsieur Dolfe pricked up his ears. Something akin to emotion agitated his bloated face. A quiver of mental pain convulsed his triple chin.

"You are familiar with the name of Dumarques?" said Lucius, wondering.

"Am I familiar with it? Alas, I know it too well!"

"You knew Félicie Dumarques?"

"I knew Félicie Dumarques' mother before she married that old skinkflint who murdered her."

"But, my uncle!" screamed Mademoiselle.

"*Tais-toi*, child! I know it was slow murder. It came not within the law. It was an assassination that lasted months and years. How often have I seen that poor child's pale face! No smile ever brightened it, after her marriage with that vile miser. She did not weep; she did not complain. The angels in heaven are not more spotless than she was as wife and mother. She only ceased to smile, and she died by inches. No matter that she lived twenty years after her marriage—it was gradual death all the same."

Monsieur Dolfe was profoundly moved. He pushed back his skull-cap, exposing his bald head, which he rubbed despondently with his fat white hand.

"Did I know her? We were neighbors as children. My parents and hers lived side by side. Her father was a notary—above my father in station; but she and I played together as children—went to the same school together as little ones—for the notary was poor, and Lucille!"

"Lucille!" repeated Lucius.

"Yes, Madame Dumarques' name was Lucille."

"I understand. Go on, pray, monsieur."

"Monsieur Valneau, Lucille's father, was poor, I repeat, and the children—there were several—were brought up anyhow. Thus we saw more

of each other than we might have done otherwise. Lucille and my sister were fast friends. She spent many an evening in our house, which was in many ways more comfortable than the wretched *troisième* occupied by the Valneau family. This continued till I was sixteen, and Lucille about fourteen. No word of love had passed between us, as you may imagine, at that early age; but I had shown my devotion to her as well as a boy can, and I think she must have known that I adored her. Whether she ever cared, even in the smallest degree, for me, is a secret I shall never know. At sixteen years of age my father sent me to Paris to learn my uncle's trade—my uncle preceded me, you must know, monsieur, in this house—and I remained there till I was twenty-three. When I came back Lucille had been two years married to André Dumarques. My sister had not had the heart to write me the news. She suffered it to stun me on my return. Valneau's difficulties had increased. Dumarques had offered to marry Lucille and to help her family; so the poor child was sacrificed."

"A sad story," said Lucius.

"And a common one," resumed Monsieur Dolfe.

"The young lady in whom I am interested—in a word, my promised wife—is the granddaughter of this very Lucille Dumarques," said Lucius, to the profound astonishment of Monsieur Dolfe.

He produced the miniature, which served in some manner for his credentials.

"I remember both faces," said Monsieur Dolfe. "Félicie Dumarques, and the Englishman who stayed in this house for a week, and was seen driving about the town with Félicie. Unhappily that set people talking; but the poor child died only a month later, and carried her secret to the grave."

"There was no shameful secret," said Lucius. "That man was Félicie's husband."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I have it from the best authority. And now, monsieur, you will do me a service if you can recall the name of that Englishman."

"But it is difficult," exclaimed Monsieur Dolfe. "I was never good at remembering names, even of my own nation, and to remember an English name after twenty years—it is impossible."

"Not twenty years. It cannot be more than eighteen since that Englishman was in Rouen. But do not trouble yourself, Monsieur Dolfe. Even if you remembered, it might be but wasted labor. This gentleman was especially anxious to keep his marriage a secret. He would therefore most likely come here in an assumed name."

"If he troubled himself to give us any name at all," said Monsieur Dolfe. "Many of our guests are nameless—we know them only as Number 10 or Number 20, as the case may be."

"But there is a name which I should be very glad if you could recall, and that is the name of the lady and gentleman—brother and sister—elderly people—who took Félicie Dumarques away with them, as attendant to the lady, when she left Rouen. As you were interested in the Dumarques' family, that is a circumstance which you may possibly remember."

"I recall it perfectly," cried Monsieur Dolfe, "that is to say, the circumstance, but as for the name, it is gone out of my poor head. But in this case I think the books will show. Tell me the year—four-and-twenty years ago, you say. It was in the autumn, I remember. They had been here before, and were excellent customers. The lady an invalid, small, pale, fragile. The gentleman also small and pale, but apparently in fair health. He had a valet with him. But the lady's maid had fallen ill on the road. They had sent her back to her people. But I remember perfectly. It was my idea to recommend Félicie Dumarques. Her father, with whom I kept on civil terms—in my heart of hearts I detested him, but an hotel-keeper must have no opinions—had told me his youngest girl was unhappy at home since her mother's death, and wanted a situation as useful companion—or even maid—to a lady. The little pale old lady looked as if she would be kind—the little pale old gentleman was evidently rich. There could not be much work to do, and there would doubtless be liberal pay. In a word, the situation seemed made for Félicie. I sent for her—the old lady was delighted, and engaged her on the spot. She was to have twenty-five pounds a year, and to be treated like a lady. There is the whole story, monsieur."

"A thousand thanks for it. But the name."

"Ah, how you are impatient! We will come to that presently. Think, Florine," to mademoiselle Dolfe, who rejoiced in this euphonious name, "you were a girl at the time, but you must have some recollection of the circumstances."

Florine Dolfe shook her head with a sentimental air; indeed, sentiment seemed to run in the Dolfe family.

"Alas, I remember but too well," she said. "It was in the year when—when I believed that there was perfect happiness upon the earth;" namely, before she had been jilted by the faithless Gustave. "It was early in September."

"Bring me volume six of the day-book and volume one of the visitors' book," said Monsieur Dolfe, pointing to the shelves.

His niece brought two bulky volumes, and laid them on the table before the proprietor. He turned the leaves with a solemn air, as if he had just completed the purchase of the last Sibylline volumes.

"September '41," said Monsieur Dolfe, running his puffy forefinger along the list of names

"2d, Binks, Jones, Dulau, Vokes, Stokes, Delphin." Lucius listened intently for some good English name with the initial G. "3d, Purdon, Green, Vancing, Thomas, Binoteau, Gaspard, Smith." Lucius shook his head despondently. "4th, Lomax, Travor, Dupuis, Glenlyne."

Lucius laid his hand on the puffy forefinger. "Halt there," he said, "that sounds like a good name."

"Good name or bad name," exclaimed the proprietor, "those are the people—Mr. Reginald Glenlyne, Miss Glenlyne, and servant, from Switzerland, en route for London. Those are the people. Yes, I remember perfectly. Now look at the day-book."

He opened the other Sibylline volume, found the date, and pointed triumphantly to the page headed "Numbers 5, 6, and 7," beneath which heading appeared formidable entries of *recherché* dinners, choice wines, *bougies*, innumerable teas, coffees, soda-waters, baths, *voitures*, &c. &c.

"They occupied our principal suite of apartments," said Monsieur Dolfe grandly; "the apartments we give to ambassadors and foreign potentates. There is no doubt about it—these are the people."

Monsieur Dolfe might have added, that in this age of economic and universal travelling he did not often get such good customers. Such thought was in his mind, but Monsieur Dolfe respected the dignity of his proprietorial position, and did not give the thought utterance.

This was a grand discovery. Lucius considered that to have found out the name of these people was a strong point. If the man who signed himself H. G. was this lady's nephew, his name was in all probability Glenlyne also. The initial being the same, it was hardly too much to conclude that he was a brother's son, and bore the family name of his maiden aunt. Lucius felt that he could now approach Mademoiselle Dumarques in a strong position. He knew so much already that she would scarcely refuse him any farther information that it was in her power to give.

He had nothing to offer Monsieur and Mademoiselle Dolfe except the expression of his gratitude, and that was tendered heartily.

"If ever I am happy enough to marry the young lady I have told you about, I will bring my wife here on our wedding tour," he said; a declaration at which Mademoiselle Dolfe melted almost to tears.

"I should be very glad to see Lucille Valneau's granddaughter," said Monsieur Dolfe. He too remembered the halcyon days of youth, when he had loved and dreamed his dream of happiness.

Lucius slept more soundly than he had slept for many nights on the luxurious spring mattresses of number eleven, lulled by the faint ripple of the river, the occasional voices of belated pedestrians softened by distance, the hollow tramp of footsteps on the pavement. He rose early, breakfasted, and set out for the cemetery on the hill, where, after patient search, he found the Dumarques' grave. All the family, save Julie, slumbered there. Lucille Dumarques, the faithful and beloved wife of André Dumarques—*Priez pour elle*—and then André Dumarques, and then Félicie, aged twenty-four; here there was no surname—only "Félicie, daughter of the above-named André Dumarques;" and then Hortense, at the ripe age of forty-one. The grave was gaily decked with a little blue-and-gold railing, enclosing a tiny flower-garden, where chrysanthemums and mignonette were blooming in decent order. The sister in Paris doubtless paid to have this family resting-place kept neatly.

Here Lucius lingered a little while, in meditative mood, looking down at the noble curve of the widening river—the green Champagne country on the opposite shore—and thinking of the life that had ended in such deep sadness. Then he gathered a sprig of mignonette for Lucille, put it carefully in his pocket-book and departed in time to catch the mid-day train for Paris.

CHAPTER III.

JULIE DUMARQUES.

Mademoiselle Dumarques had thriven in a quiet steady-going way. She had not risen to be a court milliner. She did not give fashions to Europe, America, and the colonies, or employ the genius of rising draughtsmen to design her costumes. She was of the *bourgeoise*, and lived by the *bourgeoisie*. Her abode was a second floor in one of the quiet respectable streets in that half-deserted quarter of Paris which lies on the unfashionable side of the Seine; an eminently gloomy street which seemed to lead to nowhere, but was nevertheless the abode of two or three important business firms. Here Mademoiselle Dumarques confectioned gowns and bonnets, caps and mantles, on reasonable terms, and in strict accordance with the fashions of last year.

Lucius ascended a dingy staircase, odorous with that all-pervading smell of stewed vegetables which is prone to distinguish French staircases—an odour which in some manner counterbalances the advantages of that more savoury *cuisine*, so often vaunted by the admirers of French institutions to the discredit of British cooks. A long way up the dingy staircase Lucius discovered a dingy door, on which, by the doubtful light, he was just able to make out the name of "Mademoiselle Dumarques, Robes et Chapeaux." He rang a shrill bell, which summons produced a shrill young person in a rusty-black silk gown, who admitted him with a somewhat dubious air, as if questioning his ability to order a gown or a bonnet. The saloon

into which he was ushered had a tawdry faded look. A few flyblown pink tissue-paper models of dresses, life size, denoted the profession of its occupant. A marble-topped commode was surmounted by a bonnet, whose virgin beauties were veiled by yellow gauze. The room was clean and tidily kept, but was spoiled by that cheap finery which is so often found in a third-rate French apartment. A clock which did not go; a pair of lacquered candelabra, green with age, yet modern enough to be commonplace; a sofa of the first empire, originally white and gold, but tarnished and blackened by the passage of time; chairs, velvet-covered, brass-nailed, and clumsy; carpet threadbare; curtains of a gaudy imitation tapestry.

Mademoiselle Dumarques emerged from an inner chamber with a mouthful of pins, which she disposed of in the band of her dress as she came. She was tall, thin, and sallow, might once have been passably good-looking, but was in every respect unlike the portrait of Félicie.

"I come, madame," said Lucius, after the politest possible reception from the lady, who insisted that he should take the trouble to seat himself in one of the uncomfortably square arm-chairs, whose angles were designed in defiance of the first principles of human anatomy—"I come to speak to you of a subject which I cannot doubt is very near to your heart. I come to speak of the dead."

Mademoiselle Dumarques looked at him wonderingly, but said nothing.

"I come to you on an important matter connected with your sister, Mademoiselle Félicie, afterwards Mrs. Glenlyne."

He made a bold plunge; for, after all, the name might not have been Glenlyne; and even if it were, Mademoiselle Dumarques might have known nothing about it. But the name elicited no expression of surprise from Mademoiselle Dumarques. She shook her head pensively, sighed, wiped away a tear from her sharp black eyes, and then asked,

"What can you have to say to me about my sister, Madame Glenlyne?"

The name was evidently right.

"I come to speak of her only child, Lucille; who has been brought up in ignorance of her parents, and whom it is my wish to restore to her rightful position in society."

"Her rightful position!" cried Julie Dumarques, with a scornful look in her hard pinched face; "her rightful position in society, as a milliner's niece! You are vastly mistaken, sir, if you suppose that it is in my power to assist my niece. I find it a hard struggle to support myself by the labor of my hands."

"So," thought Lucius, "Mademoiselle Julie inherits her father's miserly nature. She has a house in Rouen which must bring her in seventy to a hundred pounds a year, and she has a fairly prosperous business, but repudiates the claims of her niece. Hard world, in which blood is no thicker than water. Thank Heaven, my Lucille needs nothing from her kindred."

"I am happy to tell you, madame," he said after a little pause, "that Miss Glenlyne asks and requires no assistance from you or any other relative."

"I am very glad to hear that," answered Mademoiselle Julie. "Of course I should be pleased to hear of the poor child's welfare, though I have never seen her face, and though her mother treated me in no very sisterly spirit, keeping from me the secret of her marriage, though she confided it to my sister Hortense. True that I was here at the time of her return to Rouen, and too busy to go yonder to see her. The tidings of her death took me by surprise. I had no idea of her danger, or I should naturally have gone to see her. But as for Félicie's marriage or the birth of her child, I knew nothing of either event till after the death of my sister Hortense, when I found some letters and a kind of journal, kept by poor Félicie, among her papers."

"Will you let me see that journal and those letters?" asked Lucius eagerly.

"I should hardly be justified in showing them to a stranger."

"Perhaps not; but although a stranger to you, mademoiselle, I have a strong claim upon your kindness in this matter."

"Are you a lawyer?"

"No. I have no mercenary interest in this matter. Your niece, Lucille Glenlyne, is my promised wife."

He produced the double miniature and the packet of letters.

"These," he said, "will show you that I do not come to you unacquainted with the secrets of your sister's life. My desire is to restore Lucille to her father, if he still lives; or in the event of his death, to win for her at least a father's name."

"And a father's fortune!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Julie hastily; "my niece ought not to be deprived of her just rights. This Mr. Glenlyne was likely to inherit a large fortune. I gathered that from his letters to my sister."

"Yet in all these years you have made no attempt to seek out your niece, or to assist her in establishing her rights," said Lucius, with some reproach in his tone.

"In the first place, I had no clue that would assist such a search," answered Julie Dumarques, "and in the second place, I had no money to spend on lawyers. I had still another reason—namely, my horror of crossing the sea. But with you the case is different—as my niece's affianced husband, you would profit by any good fortune that may befall her."

"Believe me, that contingency is very far from my thoughts. I want to do my duty to Lucille; but a life of poverty has no terror for me if it be put shared with her."

"The young are apt to take that romantic view of life," said Mademoiselle Dumarques, with a philosophic air; "but their ideas are generally modified in after-years. A decent competence is the only solace of age;" and here she sighed, as if that decent competence were not yet achieved.

"Will you let me see those letters, mademoiselle?" asked Lucius, coming straight to the point. "I have shown you my credentials; those letters in your sister's hand must prove to you that I have some interest in this case, even should you be inclined to doubt my own word."

Mademoiselle shrugged her shoulders, in polite disavowal of any such mistrust.

"I have no objection to your looking over the letters, in my presence," she said; "and I hope, if by my assistance my niece obtains a fortune, she will not forget her poor aunt Julie."

"I doubt not, mademoiselle, that the niece will show more consideration for the aunt than the aunt has hitherto shown for the niece."

Mademoiselle Dumarques sighed plaintively.

"What was I to do, monsieur, with narrow means, and an insurmountable terror of crossing the sea?"

"The transit from Calais to Dover is no doubt appalling," said Lucius.

Mademoiselle Dumarques took him into her den; or the laboratory in which she concocted those costumes which were to ravish the Parc Monceau or the Champs Elysées on a Sunday afternoon. It was a small and stifling apartment behind the saloon in which mademoiselle received her customers—a box of a room ten feet by nine, smelling of coffee, garlic, and a suspicion of cognac, and crowded with breadths of stuff and silk, lining, pincushions, yard measures, paper patterns, and all the appliances of the mantua-maker's art. Here the shrill-voiced young apprentice stitched steadily with a little clicking noise, while Mademoiselle Dumarques opened a brass-inlaid desk, and produced therefrom a small packet of papers.

Lucius seated himself at a little table by the single window, and opened this packet.

There were about a dozen letters, some of them love-letters, written to a person of humbler station than the writer. Vague at first, and expressing only a young man's passion for a lovely and attractive girl; then plainly and distinctly proposing marriage—"since my Félicie is inexorable on this point," said the writer, "but our marriage must be kept a secret for years to come. You must tell my aunt that you are summoned home by your father, and leave abruptly, not giving her or my uncle time for any inquiries. You can let a servant accompany you to the station, taking your luggage with you, and you can leave by the eight-o'clock train for Newhaven before the servant's eyes. At Croydon I will meet you, get your luggage out of the van, and bring you back to London in time for our marriage to take place at the church in Piccadilly by half-past eleven that morning. We are both residents in the parish, so there will be no difficulty about the license, only to avoid all questioning I shall have to describe you as an Englishwoman, and of age. I have heard of a cottage near Sidmouth, in Devonshire, which I think will suit us delightfully for our home; an out-of-the-way quiet nook, from which I can run up to London when absolutely necessary. My uncle is anxious that I should take my degree, as you know. So I may have to spend some months of the next two years at Oxford; but even that necessity needn't part us, as I can get a place somewhere on the river, at Nuneham, for instance, for you. Reading for honors will be a good excuse for continued and close retirement, and will, I think, completely satisfy the dear old uncle—whom, even apart from all considerations about the future, I would not for worlds offend. Would that he could see things with my eyes, dearest; but you know I did once sound him as to a marriage with one in all things my superior except in worldly position, and he met me with a severity that appalled me. Good as he is in many ways, he is full of prejudice, and believes the Glenlynes are a little more exalted than the Guelphs or the Ghibellines. So we must wait, not impatiently but resignedly, till inevitable death cuts the knot of our difficulties. Heaven is my witness that if evil wishes could injure, no wicked desire of mine should hasten my uncle's end by an hour; but he is nearly seventy, and has aged a good deal lately, so it is not in nature that his life can long stand between us and the avowal of our union."

This was the last of the lover's letters; the next Lucius found in the little packet was from the husband, written some years later—written when Félicie had returned to Rouen.

This letter was despondent, nay, almost despairing, or rather, expressive of that impatience which men call despair.

The writer, who in all these letters signed himself in full, Henry Glenlyne, had failed to get his degree; had been, in his own words, ignominiously ploughed; but that was an event of two years ago, to which he referred, retrospectively, as a cause of discontent in his uncle.

"The fact is, I've disappointed him, Félicie, and a very little more would induce him to throw me over altogether, and leave his estate to the Worcestershire Glenlyne Spaldings—my natural enemies, who have courted him assiduously for the last thirty years. The sons are Cambridge men, models of propriety; senior wranglers, prizemen, and heaven knows what else, and of course have done their best to undermine me. Yet I know the dear old man loves me better than the whole lot of them—to be at once vulgar and emphatic—and that unless I did something to outrage his pet preju-

dice, he would never dream of altering his will, charm, they never so wisely. But to declare our marriage at such a time as this would be simple madness, and is not to be thought of. If I can bring the little one over to Rouen, I'll do it; but I have a shrewd notion that my uncle has shies about him, and that my movements are rather closely watched, no doubt in the interests of the Glenlyne Spaldings; your expectant legatees have generally their paid creature in the testator's household; so it would be difficult for me to bring her myself, and it is just the last favor I could ask of Sivewright, as he profits by the charge of her. It would be like asking him to surrender the goose that lays golden eggs; and remember, whatever the man may be, he has done us good service; for had he not passed himself off as your husband when my uncle swooped down upon us that dreadful day at Sidmouth, the whole secret would have been out, and I begged for life. I had a peep at the little pet the other day; she is growing fast, and growing prettier every day, and seems happy. Strange to say, she is passionately fond of Ferdinand, who, I suppose, spoils her, and she looked at me with the most entire indifference. I felt the sting of this strangeness. But in the days to come I will win her love back again, or it shall go bard with me."

Then came a still later letter.

"MY DARLING,—I am inexpressibly grieved to hear of your weak health. I shall come over again directly I can get away from my uncle, and will, at any risk, bring Lucille with me. At this present writing it is absolutely impossible for me to get away. My uncle is breaking fast, and I much fear the G. Spaldings are gaining ground. The senior wrangler is going to make a great marriage; in fact, the very match which my uncle tried to force upon me. This is a blow—for the old man is warmly attached to the young lady in question, and even thinks, entirely without reason, that I have treated her badly. However, I must trust to his long-standing affection for me to vanquish the artifices of my rivals. I hardly think that he could bring himself to disinherit me after so long allowing me consider myself his heir. Keep up your spirits, my dear Félicie; the end cannot be far off, and rich or poor, believe in the continued devotion of your faithfully attached husband,

"HENRY GLENLYNE.

"The Albany."

This was the letter of a man of the world, but hardly the letter of a bad man. The writer of that letter would scarcely repudiate the claim of an only daughter, did he still live to acknowledge her.

The journal, written in a russet-leather covered diary, consisted of only disjointed snatches, all dated at Rouen, in the last year of the writer's life, and all full of a sadness bordering on despair—not the man's impatience of vexation and trouble, but the deep and settled sorrow of a patient unselfish woman. Many of the lines were merely the ejaculations of a troubled spirit, brief snatches of prayer, supplications to the Mother of Christ to protect the motherless child; utterances of a broken heart, penitential acknowledgments of an act of deceit, prayers for forgiveness of a wrong done to a kind mistress.

One entry was evidently written after the receipt of the last letter. It was at the end of the journal, and the hand that inscribed the lines had been weak and tremulous.

"He cannot come to me, yet there is no unkindness in his refusal. He promises to come soon, to bring the darling whose tender form these arms yearn to embrace, whose fair young head may never more recline on this bosom. O, happy days at Sidmouth, how they come back to me in sweet delusive dreams! I see the garden above the blue smiling sea. I hold my little girl in my arms, or lead her by her soft little hand as she toddles in and out among the old crooked apple-trees in the orchard. Henry has promised to come in a little while; but Death comes faster, Death knows no delays. I did not wish to alarm my husband. I would not let Hortense write, for she would have told him the bitter truth. Yet, I sometimes ask myself sadly, would that truth seem bitter to him? Might not my death bring him a welcome release? I know that he has loved me. I can but remember that we spent four happy years together in beautiful England; but when I think of the difficulties that surround him, the ruin which threatens him, can I doubt that my death will be a relief to him? It will grieve that kind heart, but it will put an end to his troubles. God grant that when I am gone he may have courage to acknowledge his child! The fear that he may shrink from that sacred duty racks my heart. Blessed Mother, have compassion on my orphan child!"

Then came disjointed passages—passages that were little more than prayer. Here and there, mingled with pious hopes, with spiritual aspirations, came the cry of human despair.

"Death comes faster than my husband. My Henry, I shall see thee no more. Ah, if thou lovest me, my beloved, why dost thou not hasten? It is hard to die without one pitying look from those dear eyes, one tender word from that loved voice. Hast thou forgotten thy Félicie, whom thou didst pursue so ardently five years ago? I wait for thee now, dear one; but the end is near. The hope of seeing thee once again fades fast. Wilt thou have quite forgotten me ere we meet in heaven? A long life lies before thee; thou wilt form new ties, and give to another the love that was once Félicie's. In that far land where we may meet hereafter thou wilt look on me with unrecognising eyes. O, to see thee once more on earth—to feel thy hand clasping mine as life ebbs away!"

(To be continued.)

SONNETS—THE EARLY THRUSH.

Methinks that voice exults most joyously
That from the thrush's speckled bosom flows;
Surely the rapture-raising minstrel knows
That the same Life that fills her throat with
glee
Climbs swiftly up each bark-bound, stem, and
soon
Will show green tissues where the leaflets lie
Yet winter-held, and to the bluer sky
Give fragrance fresher than the scents of June.
Still howls the northern wind with angry
power,
But this loud airy music rings his knell;
In her own tuneful tongue doth Nature tell
By her own warbling prophet that the hour
Approaches fast when a benignant reign
Will beautify the world with greener robes
again.

The song is not thine own that thou, fond bird,
From thy lone perch upon the budding thorn,
Bestowest on the mighty-hooded morn:
'Tis the old voice of Love that Time has heard
Through all the changes of aspiring years.
Full-hearted Hope, pavilioned by thy wings,
Inspires thy breast, and in thy matin sings,
Pouring a mirthful wisdom in our ears;
And we who listen, feel our spirits rise
As to the dawning of a better day,
Responsive to the presage of the lay.
Green fields are with the coming spring and
skies
Breasted by softer clouds, and flowers and
streams
Rejoicing in the presence of her brighter beams.

WRECK OF THE "ADMELLA."

There have been many shipwrecks involving greater loss of life, but not many in which a greater amount of suffering and suspense has been experienced by the survivors than in the wreck of the *Admella*.

She was a fine steamer, built on the Clyde, of about 600 tons burthen and 300 horsepower. For three years previous to her loss she had been trading regularly between Adelaide and Melbourne, Australia.

On Friday morning, 5th August, 1859, she left Adelaide with 109 souls on board; at half-past four next morning, while running at full speed and all sail set, she struck on Carpenter's Reef, about twenty-five miles north-west of Cape Northumberland. This reef extends for three miles from the shore; the nearest port to it is Guichen Bay, in South Australia, forty miles north-west; Portland, in Victoria, is about eighty-five miles north-east, but no steamers, or other means of obtaining effectual assistance, could be calculated upon nearer than Adelaide, 220 miles north-west, or Melbourne, 350 miles north-east. The country near the reef is very scrubby, and the population extremely sparse. There is a lighthouse at Cape Northumberland, and the nearest settlement to it is Mount Gambier, twenty-five miles inland, a station of the Melbourne and Adelaide Telegraph line.

In about ten minutes after the ship struck she parted in three pieces, the mainmast and funnel in their fall breaking the two waist-boats before they could be lowered; the tackle of the after-boat got fouled, and she was swamped. Several passengers were at once washed overboard, the fore part of the ship began to break up, and the foremast, crowded with people, fell over the ship's side. The scene is described as being most heartrending.

About this time an endeavor was made to reach the boat which had been swamped, but which was only about forty yards from the after part of the wreck. A seaman volunteered to swim to it with a line. The line given him was too short, and another was bent to it. He reached the boat in safety, but on hauling on the line the bend, not being securely fastened, it gave way. The poor fellow manfully struggled to bring her alongside, but drifted out to sea. They were thus deprived of their last hope of saving themselves without assistance. This boat was afterwards washed ashore, and the body of the man found near it. About eight o'clock the *Harvillan* steamer, from Melbourne to Adelaide, passed about two miles off. The people on the wreck did all they could to attract attention, but the morning being thick and foggy they were not observed.

The middle portion of the wreck had now sunk, and the other parts were about fifty yards from each other, but considerably changed in position since she struck. The stern of the poop pointed towards the shore, the water-tight bulk-head being exposed to the whole roll of the Southern Ocean. This portion of the ship was lying now on her beam-ends; all the cabins on the port side were six or eight feet under water; the starboard state-rooms were dry, but it was almost a matter of impossibility to get into them, owing to the incline of the ship. The broadside of the fore part was exposed to the swell, the sea making a complete breach over it every roll. The wreck remained in this position till Monday night, the fore part gradually breaking up.

During the afternoon the second mate volunteered to swim on shore, taking one of the ship's life-buoys to assist him. He succeeded well as far as they could see till he reached the breakers, when they lost sight of him. He never

gained the shore. The night was passed by those in the after part sitting on the rail of the ship, with their feet on the moulding, the sea washing frequently over them. No lives were lost on Saturday, Sunday, or Monday nights. During Saturday the P. and O. Mail steamer *Bombay*, from Suez to Melbourne, passed so closely that her red, green, and white lights, her funnel and hull, were seen, and the beat of her engines and splash of the water from her bows heard. The crew exerted themselves to the utmost to attract her attention, but unsuccessfully. On Saturday morning they succeeded in getting a rope to the fore-part, by which a few managed to draw themselves to the after part of the wreck, leaving those only behind them who had not courage to venture through the surf. These all perished before Wednesday night, including many women and children. The whole stock of provisions now consisted of ten pounds of beef and mutton, a third of a small ham, twenty pounds of cheese, six bottles of preserved fruit, five bottles of desiccated milk, six bottles porter, one bottle whiskey, nine bottles brandy, and a bag of almonds. These rations were all consumed by Tuesday morning, and neither bread nor water left. All the tools were lost with the fore and middle parts of the ship, so that it was impossible to attempt a raft on a large scale.

On the Sunday afternoon two seamen had volunteered to go ashore on a raft made from the mizzen-boom, cut in two with a meat chopper, and part of the main-boom. They started successfully, and providentially reached the shore about 5 p.m. They were instructed to proceed to Cape Northumberland Lighthouse, twenty-five miles distant, and report the disaster. This was the only day when the sea did not break over the wreck; the wind being off the land and but little swell, any boat could have reached it from the shore. A portion of the passengers spent that night in the cabin and on the staircase, others on the rail and mizzen rigging. Towards daylight the sea began to rise and break heavily; and from this time till they were delivered the sea continued to wash over them. On Tuesday, about midday, the water-tight bulk-head gave way, compelling all to leave the cabin, washing down the staircase and cabins, making a clean breach through the wreck. One of the passengers being unable to get out of the cabin, was drowned. After this none had any shelter, nor could any one say that he escaped a drenching for more than five minutes at a time. During this bitter night twenty died from cold.

One man behaved nobly, and did all he could in diving for provisions, thus suffering so much that he perished from sheer exhaustion. And now the people on the shore had arrived for their assistance, and kept up large fires all the night. Wednesday a heavy sea and no help. They had huddled together on that portion of the deck which remained above water at an angle of fifty-four degrees, and which was only kept in that position by the circumstance of fifty tons of copper being in the hold below. Thursday, the *Corio* steamer, from Adelaide, hove in sight, and lowered a boat, but it was of no use. Those on shore twice attempted to launch a boat, but the surf was so high that it prevented them. During this afternoon one of the passengers, walking along the side of the ship, fell overboard. Having a good life-preserver on, he continued to float, and tried to make the shore, but sunk about 300 yards from them. At night numbers died from cold and starvation, dropping off one by one as nature wore out; several died mad, throwing themselves overboard.

The two sailors who had reached the shore upon the raft on Sunday night, walked to the lighthouse, whence information was sent to Mount Gambier, and telegraphed to Melbourne and Adelaide, where the wreck was generally known of on Monday night. The only boat on the coast was quite useless, and though an attempt was made to launch one of the *Admella's* boats which had been washed ashore, it soon became painfully apparent that relief must come from Melbourne or Adelaide. In those cities it was at first supposed that there was not any persons alive on the wreck. The *Corio* sailed from Adelaide on Tuesday, but could render no help. The excitement became intense when on Wednesday people were still to be seen clinging to the wreck.

On Tuesday, the *Ladybird* steamer sailed from Melbourne with extra coals on board. On arriving at Belfast on Wednesday, a telegram was waiting her, with instructions to proceed at once to the wreck. She started at noon and steered direct for the Cape, with a strong gale blowing and a heavy head-sea. When abreast of Cape Northumberland, on Thursday morning, she steamed slowly along the coast as near as possible to the shore, the sea being very high, but seeing nothing of the wreck, immediately returned to Portland for more accurate information, and to get the Government life-boat lying there, with extra hands, so as to meet every possible emergency. After taking on board provisions, fuel, life-boat and whale-boat, with crews and two doctors, she left Portland and proceeded again in search of the wreck.

On the following morning the *Ladybird* spoke a boat from Guichen Bay, with two men on board, who had bravely come to render assistance, but were forced to run to Cape Northumberland for safety, and from whom she learned that the wreck was ten miles further westward. On nearing it the life-boat was quickly manned, and along with the whale-boat proceeded to the rescue. The latter anchored outside the line of breakers, the life-boat

going on with a safety line from the whale-boat in case of accident. The surf was so great that the boat filled three times, the sea carrying away eight of the oars and washing one man overboard. The boat was then within one length of the wreck, but in consequence of this disaster could not reach it. Communication was tried by means of rockets, but the lines fouled. The crew being much exhausted by the frequent immersions, the whale-boat took her in tow and brought her alongside the steamer.

The survivors on the wreck nearly gave up hope on seeing this attempt fail. In the afternoon the whale-boat made another effort, but could not reach it. So there they lay for another night in a protracted anguish of soul and body, within sight of shore, with help close at hand, but debarred from reaching them by that gulf of breakers. Little less than the agony of the ship-wrecked was that of her relatives on land; the announcements by the telegraph had a fearful interest, as several well-known colonists were recognised by those on shore. Four died during that seventh and last night. The *Ladybird* stood off and on all night burning blue-lights and firing rockets to cheer the people on the wreck. At day-light she stood in for the wreck, and the life-boat was again manned; it succeeded in getting alongside in safety, the weather having moderated a little, and nineteen survivors, including one female, threw themselves into the boat, caught in the arms of the men. The boat from the shore arrived at the same time, taking three on board; thus making twenty-two saved, after being more than seven days on the wreck, during five of which they had neither food, water, nor shelter of any description. On their arrival on board every attention was paid to the sufferers,—they were provided with clothing, the saloon was fitted up as a hospital, and, owing to judicious treatment, were gradually restored to consciousness, and landed safely in Portland.

VERY SCOTCH ANECDOTE.

A person in the west of Scotland, who had engaged in the manufacture of a certain description of goods, then recently introduced into that part of the country, found it necessary, or conjectured it might be profitable, to establish a permanent connection with some respectable mercantile house in London. With this design he packed up a quantity of goods, equipped himself for the journey, and then departed. Upon his arrival he made diligent inquiry as to those who were likely to prove his best customers; and accordingly proceeded to call upon one of the most opulent drapers, with whom he resolved to establish a regular correspondence. When Saunders entered the draper's shop he found it crowded with customers and the clerks all bustling busily at the back of the counter handing out their several wares to their respective customers. Saunders waited what he thought a reasonable time, then laid down his pack, his bonnet, and staff upon the counter, and inquired, in his broad Scottish dialect, for "the head o' the hoose." One of the clerks asked what he wanted. The Scotsman's answer was, as usual, a question, "Want ye aught in my line, sir?" "No," was the prompt reply of the person interrogated, who accompanied his monosyllabic negative with a look of contempt for the mean appearance of the itinerant Scottish merchant. "Wull ye no tak' a look o' the gudes, sir?" was Saunders's next query. "No, not at all; I have not time," replied the clerk; "take them away—take them away." "Ye'll ablin's (perhaps) find them worth yer while; and I'll doubtna but ye'll buy," said Saunders, as he coolly proceeded to untie and unstrap his burden. "Go away—go away," was reiterated half a dozen times with great impatience, but the persevering Scotsman still persisted. "Get along, you old Scotch fool," cried the clerk, completely out of temper, as he pushed the already exposed contents of the pack off the counter. "Get along," Saunders looked up in the individual's face with a wide mouth and an enlarged pair of eyes, then looked down to his estate that lay scattered among his feet, looked up again and exclaimed, "An' wull ye no really buy aught? But ye dinna ken, for ye hae na seen the gudes yet;" and so saying he slowly gathered them up and replaced them on the counter. "Get out of the shop, sir," was the peremptory and angry command that followed his last appeal. Saunders, with great gravity and self-possession, said, "Are ye in earnest frien'?" "Yes, certainly," was the reply; and that reply was succeeded by an unequivocal proof of sincerity on the part of the person who made it, when he picked up Saunders's bonnet and whirled it into the street. The cool Scotsman stalked deliberately and gravely in quest of his Stewarton head-gear. After giving it two or three hearty slaps on the wall outside the door, he re-entered very composedly, wringing the moisture out of it, looked over to the person who served him so, and said, with a genuine Scottish smile, "You was but an ill-faur'd turn; ye'll surely tak' a look o' the gudes now!" The master draper himself, who was standing all the while in the shop, admiring the patience and perseverance of the old man, and feeling a little compunction for the unceremonious manner in which he was treated, examined the contents of the pack, found them to be articles he stood in need of, purchased them, ordered an additional regular supply, and thus laid the foundation of an opulent mercantile house that has now flourished for several generations.

The Ladies' Page.

LACES AND LADIES.

Dr. Johnson once said. "A Brussels trimming, madam, is like bread-sauce, it takes away the glow of color from the gown, and gives you nothing instead of it; but sauce was invented to heighten the flavor of our food, and trimming is an ornament to the mantau or it is nothing." On this Mrs. Palliser, whose scorn hardly allows her to do justice to the doctor, remarks, "A man whose culinary ideas did not rise above bread-sauce could scarcely pronounce upon 'point.'" The fashion of the present day shows that Johnson's dictum is not now held in much esteem, for there has been a marked revival in the use of lace in ladies' attire. And it is well that it is so; for of all human fabrics it is the most graceful, subtle, and as it were aerial, while it possesses this advantage to the sex who so much need fields for labor, that it can be produced in its perfection only by the delicate fingers of women.

Had the old Tory doctor been able to foresee what was to put lace under a ban for a season, we should doubtless have had him among its fiercest upholders, since it would have been symbolical to him of loyalty to Church and Crown. For it was mainly the French revolution that effected its disuse. You see there was no congruity between it and the bodies of beings grand enough to associate with such Brutus-like heroes as Marat, Danton, Robespierre, and their Plutarchian compatriots. Nought save the scanty drapery of the Muses and the Graces are adapted to a people whose minds soared far above the commonplace modesty, purity, and gentleness engendered by an obsolete religion. Hence "point," the stiffness of which spake of thralldom, was banished; and gauze so figurative of *liberté*, held sway in company with the guillotine.

We do not, however, believe that every nation of Europe would have passively allowed the shears of the dressmakers of the Rues de la Paix and St. Denis to clip off its lace, if its use had not reached such a pit of extravagance as to lead to a natural reaction. We find that at the beginning of the last century some worshipped this decoration so passionately that not only did they by many absurdities display their devotion to it in this life, but, with a hideous mockery of corruption, strove to show their fondness even in the tomb. Thus an actress named Oldfield loved it so enthusiastically that, not content with buying and esteeming as her chief treasure a statuette of the Earl of Strafford by Grinling Gibbons, because it had carved on it a beautifully wrought Vandyke collar, she so ordered it that before her burial in Westminster Abbey—what a resting place for this idol of an age of frippery!—she lay in state in Jerusalem Chamber in a splendid lace hood and a Holland shift, with a tucker of double ruffles. It was of her that Pope wrote the well-known lines,—

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke
(Were the last words which poor Narcissa
[spoke];
No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face.
One would not sure be frightful when one's
[dead]:
And, Betty, give these cheeks a little red,"

Aurora von Koningsmark, too, as notorious for her frailty as her beauty, which were both very great, almost with her last breath directed that her worthless clay, adorned with jewels of great value, was to be swathed in those folds of lace—point d'Angleterre, Malines, or guipure—which now in Puerdinburg enwrap a hideous mass of shrivelled parchment. But let us not think too harshly of the impious vanity of these poor creatures. After all, they did not show more folly than the Duke of Alva—an heroic soul, an *aristos*, one of the best, mark you!—who, in accordance with his will, was interred (1739) "in a shirt of the finest Holland trimmed with new point lace, a new coat of Vardeg cloth embroidered with silver; a new wig, his cane on the right, his sword on the left of his coffin. They who have a taste for such matters may, by taking a trip to Palermo, see a gratifying spectacle. There the catacombs of the Capuchin convent have an embalming power, so that through the glass lids of their coffins grim mummies may be seen with painted faces and robes of the finest texture, tricked out with costly lace. Such folly as these things indicate seems to have prevailed in the sensual days of the British Solomon, as a good bishop of London was forced to exclaim: "Fashion has brought in deep ruffs, double ruffs, and no ruffs. When the judge of the quick and the dead shall appear, He will not know those who have so defaced the fashion he hath made." The mention of ruffs reminds us, we are told by Ben Jonson, that even men "thought nothing of turning four or five hundred acres of land into two or three trunks of apparel." At this statement we shall not marvel when we know how great a part the ruff played, and that to edge it at least twenty-five yards of lace were needed, which was grounded on lace squares or cut work. Nor was this all; besides the ruff, cut away in front and standing up stiff behind to form the gorget—a capital contrivance to shield the head from draughts—there had to be added the falling or Vandyke collar, with its elaborate geometrical pattern, hanging bands, whisks, rebatoes, and ruffles.—Queen.

DRESS OF NURSES.—Nurses in the sick room should always dress in light-coloured clothes, and these should be of cotton, so that they may be less liable to harbour infectious matter, and more easily cleaned.

ON THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.—Thelwall thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. "How so?" said he. "It is covered with weeds." "Oh," I replied, "that is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries."—COLERIDGE.

UNPREPARED SPEECH.—One of "Mark Twain's" latest jokes is that which he perpetrated at a dinner to which he was recently invited. He had been notified that his health would be drunk during the evening, and it was. But Mark was armed and equipped. He drew from his pocket a large roll of manuscript, and proceeded to read to his astonished auditors that he was entirely taken by surprise, was wholly unprepared to reply, and so on, as is customary with after-dinner speakers. Such a very Twainish joke could not, of course, pass without appreciation, and as soon as the momentary perplexity had subsided, roars of laughter testified to the success of the hit. If only all speakers were as honest as Mark Twain!

SQUARE NECKS & SLEEVES.—Since the first introduction of the "square" neck, as it is popularly called—otherwise "Pompadour" and "Raphael," and other historic names—it has always been a favorite, and has been revived times without number. In fact, it has never entirely gone out; there are always cultivated and charming women who will wear no other style for "dress," and who realize fully the artistic beauty and picturesqueness of the design. The antique sleeve is a compromise between the long and the short sleeve. It can be made extremely dressy, and so as to display the most beautiful part of the arm, and can be worn by all ages. By lengthening or shortening the upper part of the sleeve or the ruffles, it could be brought nearly to the wrist, or only just over the bend of the arm, according to taste, and thus adapted to every requirement.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.—Show us the young man who can quit the society of the young, and take pleasure in listening to the kindly voice of age; show us a man who is ever ready to pity and help the deformed; show us a man who covers the faults of others with a mantle of charity; show us a man who bows as politely and gives the street as freely to the poor sewing girl as to the millionaire; who values virtue, not clothes, who shuns the company of such as congregate at public places to gaze at the fair sex, or make unkind remarks of the passing poor girl; show us the man who abhors the libertine, who scorns the ridicule of his mother's sex, and the exposure of womanly reputation; show us the man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy and respect due a woman, as a woman, in any condition or class—and you show us a true gentleman.

DIFFIDENT DAUGHTERS.—It is a painful spectacle, says a contemporary, in families where a mother is the drudge, to see the daughters, elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease, with their drawing, their music, their fancy-work, and their reading, beguiling themselves of the lapse of hours, days, and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities, but, as a necessary consequence of neglect of duty, growing wery of their useless lives, laying hold of every newly-invented stimulant to arouse their drooping energy, and blaming their fate, when they dare not blame their God, for having placed them where they are. These individuals will often tell you, with an air of affected compassion—for who can believe it real?—that "poor mamma" is working herself to death; yet no sooner do you propose that they should assist her than they declare she is quite in her element—in short, that she would never be happy if she had only half so much to do.

PRETTY OLD.—The obituary column in the *Times* of a recent date contained some remarkable illustrations of prolonged existence in seventeen persons, viz., nine gentlemen and eight ladies, but more particularly in the case of five of the former sex and four of the latter, whose united ages amounted to 781 years, giving an average of eighty-six years and more than nine months to each of these persons. The oldest, as usual, was a member of the fair sex who had reached the great age of 95 years, the youngest of the same sex being 84. Of the gentlemen, the oldest was 88, and the youngest 80 years of age. The respective ages of these nine ladies and gentlemen were as follows, viz.: 80, three at 84, 86, 87, 88, 93 and 95 years. Of the septuagenarians there were eight, viz.: four of each sex, whose united ages amounted to 603 years, giving an average of 75 years and more than four months to each. The united ages of these seventeen ladies and gentlemen amounted to 1,384 years, giving an average of 81 years and more than four months to each.

AN ECCENTRIC POET.—A private letter from Rome, dated November 2, has divulged the following: "Joaquin Miller, the Oregon poet, was here yesterday and I requested a friend to present him to Miss Hosmer, the sculptor. The interview was thus described to me: When the studio was reached, Miss Hosmer appeared on the threshold to receive her guests. After the presentation, without making the usual salutations, Miller stopped short, and, in his peculiar manner, examined curiously his

hostess, and then blurted, 'Hosmer, I like your eye.' The circuit of the studio was then begun. Miller had but little to say until the party approached a fine statue, around the base of which were two serpents, twined around one other. These he regarded intently, exclaiming, 'Hosmer, I'm a savage. I don't know much about your beautiful forms and figures, but I do know what a serpent is like; and darn me if they ain't the best I ever saw.' The last statue was some beautiful ideal affair of Miss Hosmer. This seemed to attract the poet immensely, for, after a long stare, he ejaculated, gazing upon the marble, 'Hosmer, you're a great man!'"

A HINDOO WAY OF PUTTING BABIES TO SLEEP.—Some of the hill tribes in Northern India have a particular way of sending their babies to sleep, which is thus described by a correspondent of a Bombay paper:—"Near a hollow bamboo which served as a spout, through which the cool water of the mountain stream poured forth in a jet, was disposed the head of an infant, who was lying covered warmly and fast asleep. The bamboo spout was so placed that the water played upon the crown of the baby's head over a part which seemed bald of hair, a consequence, perhaps, of the habitual action of the water. The rest of the child's body was not touched by the water. The children (there were two of them) were lying on the their right sides and perfectly still, one would fancy in a state of stupefaction. They had been lying for a hour and a half we were told, and would be there till 9 at night, in all between four and five hours. I felt the face of one of them and then held the wrist, but could detect no pulse. Yet these hill people are convinced that the strange practice, which is quite general, helps to strengthen the brain, and make the children not only healthy, but hardy and fearless."

AN EX-KING.—In the streets of Prague, the beautiful capital of Bohemia, an old man, slender, dressed in a very ordinary suit of black, is to be often seen. He walks in a painful, shuffling manner, and halts frequently to take breath. He looks like a Government clerk on half pay. He is almost shabby and very solitary. Few persons speak to him. Many regard him curiously, but only beggars approach him. He is a forgotten Emperor. He has ruled one of the oldest and most powerful nations in the old world, and found how uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. In 1834 he ascended the throne of the proud Hapsburgs, as the Emperor Ferdinand, and had for his Prime Minister the subtle and cruel Metternich. He reigned, but did not rule. Metternich attended to state affairs, while the King, whose intellect is not of the brightest, made, like Louis XVI., a work-shop of his palace. The one was a first-rate locksmith, but a poor King; the other, the shadow of an Emperor, but a most excellent cabinet-maker. Such are the pranks that the accident of birth sometimes play. Poor old Ferdinand was deposed on the revolution of March, 1848, and returned to Prague, where unremembered even by his family, he lives a solitary and abstemious life.

EYES DURING BAYONET CHARGES.—The power of the eye is most strikingly illustrated by the fact, that when two bodies of infantry meet in a charge of bayonets, the front rank, on one side or the other, almost invariably gives way directly the bayonets are crossed, that is, before the cold steel enters the body of either party. The front ranks giving away, the rear ranks are generally broken, and a rout ensues. The dreadful passion and fixed resolve in the eyes of the front rank on one side overpowers that of their antagonists, whose hearts fail before them. Calculations have been made to supersede this, by the order that each soldier's bayonet shall not take the man directly in front of him in the enemy's ranks, but the next man to the left. A systematic mutuality of reliance was thus provided for, and the effect of the enemy's eyes superseded. It was a horribly clever idea. But in vain; the eye of the weaker will only shimmer, and wavers between the two—trembles for the midriff—and no doubt gives the "preference" to the man whose bayonet-point is within a few inches of the *juste milieu*. Between the two he generally fails, or takes to flight. The single minded glare of the devil of war reflects the prefulgent horror of the cold steel-point. It is remarkable, on examining the dead bodies on a field of battle after there has been a successful charge of bayonets, how few have been killed by the point in charging thrusts. The men have died from thrusts during the flight, or from the clubbed, *i. e.* butt-end blows, or pierced when on the ground, or have been trampled to death.—R. H. Horne.

CHARMS FOR ANIMALS.—A tongue taken from a living fox was thought to prevent disease of any kind attacking the fortunate possessor. The slough of an adder hung on the rafters of a house renders insuring that house unnecessary; a house-leek in the roof makes it proof against the lightning's flash. When a Northamptonshire henwife sets a hen, she is particular that the nest contains an odd number of eggs, and is careful to mark each egg with a small blackcross, to save it from four-footed poachers. A large stone having a natural hole through it, hung outside a cowhouse, prevents the cattle having the nightmare; and farmers of the fifteenth century thought their beasts secure against murrain if marked with the mark of a saint, for one Thomas Eglishton was paid ninepence for putting St. Wilfrid's mark upon sixteen oxen belonging to Cardinal Langley, Bishop of Durham, to the intent that they might escape such a visitation. A Norfolk man boasted that no mishap could chance to his horse so long as he wore something he had tied round its neck; a curious urchin stole the charm, which turned

out to be the thumb of an old leather glove, containing a copy of the Lord's Prayer. Not long ago a valuable horse, belonging to a well-to-do farmer at Crewkerne, was so ill that two veterinary surgeons were summoned to consult as to what should be done. Upon examining the patient, they found something tied round the animal's neck, and making inquiry, were told by the farmer's wife that she and her husband agreed, that the horse was bewitched, and she had therefore tied one of her garters round its neck to break the spell.

TOO MUCH HOUSE CLEANING.—Many houses called homes, kept with waxy neatness by painstaking, anxious women, are so oppressive in their nicety as to exclude all home-feelings from their spotless precincts. The very name of home is synonymous with personal freedom and relaxation from care. But neither of these can be felt where such a mania for external cleanliness pervades the household as to render everything else subservient thereto. Many housewives, if they see a speck on floor or wall, or even a scrap of thread or bit of paper on the floor, rush at it, as if it were the seed of pestilence which must be removed in the instant. Their temper depends upon their maintenance of perfect purity and order. If there be any failure on their part, or any combination of circumstances against them, they fall into a pathetic despair, and can hardly be lifted out. They do not see that cheerfulness is more needful to home than all the spotlessness that ever shone. Their disposition to wage war upon immaculateness of any sort increases until they become slaves of the broom and dust-pan. Neatness is one thing, and a state of perpetual house-cleaning quite another.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

BOUILLON GRAS.—Choose meat very red and fresh for this soup; the best is the rump of beef. When the meat is very frothy, add salt, also vegetables, well picked and cleaned, such as celery, onions, carrots, parsnips, leeks, and cabbages; boil gently for five hours, strain it through a sieve or cloth, leave it to settle before serving. Serve the meat at the same time with the bouillon.

HAM TOAST.—Chop some ham (which has been previously dressed) very small, and to a large tablespoonful of it add an egg well beaten up, a small bit of butter, and a little cream. Mix all together over the fire till quite hot. Have ready some neatly cut pieces of bread, about the size of a crown piece, but a little thicker, fried in good butter; spread the mixture on these, and serve them on a napkin.

TO PICKLE RED CABBAGE.—Take a fine large closely grown cabbage, strip the outside leaves off, cut it across in rather thin slices, and lay them on a dish, strewing salt equally all over them. Cover with a cloth, and let them remain so for twenty hours. Then drain the cabbage, and put it in a jar with allspice, whole pepper, and a little ginger sliced; pour cold white-wine vinegar over it, and tie closely from the atmosphere.

MUFFIN OR CABINET PUDDING.—Slice three stale muffins, pour on them a pint of boiling milk, and let it get cold; simmer half a pint of cream, the peel of a lemon, half a nutmeg grated, and four ounces of loaf sugar. When cold, stir in eight yolks and four whites of eggs, well beaten, and a wineglassful of brandy. Then butter a mould, lay outward the crusty side of the muffin, upon which place dried cherries and the crumb of the muffins in alternate layers, pour in the custard and bake half an hour, or boil in a stewpan an hour and a half. Serve with sauce.

PORRIDGE.—Suppaw, or porridge, is made with boiling milk, broth, or water, thickened with Indian corn meal, in the same way that people in the south of England thicken them with wheat flour, and that people in the north thicken with oatmeal. Put into water, this is a breakfast, supper, or dinner for little children; put into milk or broth, it is the same or grown people. It is excellent in all disorders arising from bad digestion. In milk or broth, it is a good, strong meal, sufficient for a man to work upon. It takes about three pounds and a half of Indian corn flour to make porridge for ten persons, less than half a pound of corn flour for a meal for one man, and a warm comfortable meal that fills and strengthens the stomach. Three pounds and a half of wheaten flour would make four pounds and a half of bread, but it would be dry bread, and bread alone, and not affording half the sustenance or comfort of the porridge.

STEWED BEEF.—Take a piece of fresh silver of beef (7lb or 8lb); with a sharp knife make five or six incisions through it. Cut as many square pieces of bacon, fat and lean, long enough to go right through from one side of the piece of meat to the other. Roll each piece of bacon in a mixture of powdered pepper, spices, and sweet herbs, and insert one into each incision; tie up the meat carefully, line the bottom of a stewpan with slices of fat bacon, put the meat on this with some onions and carrots cut in slices, some sweet herbs, a couple of bay leaves, parsley, whole pepper and salt to taste; add a pint of common claret and half that quantity of stock; set the whole to stew gently for some hours, turning the meat occasionally. At the time of serving strain off the gravy, skim it well of fat, remove the string from the meat, pour the gravy over it, and garnish with any vegetables that may be in season, either stewed or plainly boiled.

ANTICIPATION.

When failing health, or cross event,
Or dull monotony of days,
Has brought me into discontent
That darkens round me like a haze,
I find it wholesome to recall
Those chiefest goods my life has known,
Those whitest days that brightened all
The checkered seasons that are flown.

No year has past but gave me some;
Oh! unborn years, nor one of you—
So from the past I learn—shall come
Without such precious tribute due
I can be patient, since amid
The days that seem so overcast,
Such future golden hours are hid
As those I see amid the past.

The Romance of a Donkey.

Poor foal of an oppressed race,
I love the languid patience of thy face;
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
And clap thy ragged coat, and pat thy head.

COLERIDGE.

Among the various stories of pet animals, we do not remember any regarding the donkey. The creature is too abject, too much of a drudge, to be thought intelligent or capable of showing affection in return for kind treatment. That kindness however, will not be thrown away on this humble and willingly useful animal, we propose to tell the story of a donkey which circumstances brought into our possession.

Donald, as we call him, is said to be a native of Ireland, whence he was brought when very young, and sold for the moderate sum of thirty-two shillings to a young man who had set up as a saddler at Loanhead, a quiet rural village, five miles south from Edinburgh. We have no date of his birth, but understand he is now from five to six years old, and may accordingly be said to be still in his infancy. As for personal appearance, Donald is of the ordinary dun color, coat good, white about the muzzle, breast, and inside the upper part of the fore-legs, feet small and neat. One may note with interest the well defined dark stripe across the shoulders, and stripe on each fore-leg diagonally across the knee, as showing the usual trace of relationship, generally, to the zebra. He possesses a meek composed aspect, is full grown, and altogether is as handsome a donkey as is ordinarily seen in Scotland, where, as is well known, neglect and hard usage have had the effect of deteriorating the race to which he belongs.

The saddler into whose hands he fell was a decent hard-working man, who did jobs in his line of business for the farmers and carters in the neighborhood. On some occasions, he did work for persons in town, and was esteemed by them as an obliging tradesman. Though young he was not robust. A consciousness of failing health had led him to make the purchase of the donkey, in the hope that, when properly trained and equipped with a small spring-cart, he might be of use in driving about the neighborhood. The first thing the saddler did was to train Donald to run in harness, and the training was effected with a care and gentleness that won universal admiration. Good usage was not thrown away. The animal diligently, and we might almost say with a degree of gratitude, exerted himself in the work to which he was put.

The saddler's illness was a grievous misfortune. He was attacked by consumption, and daily becoming more feeble, he could neither benefit by driving about with Donald, nor could he work. Jobs that came in could not be attended to. His business fell off; it ceased. Day by day, poverty crept over the miserable establishment. The children could no longer indulge in the luxury of giving Donald crusts of bread. They had barely food for themselves, and were fain to make up for deficiencies by bringing in from the roadsides a double allowance of thistles and grass for Donald, which he ate with quiet composure in his small crib, a kind of stable run up with wooden boards at the back of the house.

In his last days, in order to enjoy the sunshine, the dying man had a seat outside his dwelling, and on such occasions the donkey, as if conscious of his master's infirmity, was pleased to stand beside him, looking mournfully in his face. When the invalid spoke a few kind words, Donald came affectionately to him and laid his head fondly on his shoulder, and so he would remain till his master had done speaking.

When the saddler became so ill as to be confined to bed, the donkey would stand for hours at the window, listening for his master's voice, and was glad to be called into the sick room to be patted. It was affecting to see how deeply the invalid was interested in the faithful animal. When barely able to sit up in the bed, he called for Donald's harness, which needed a little mending; and this was the last piece of work that he was able to execute. His labors were over—his race was run. Visions of the spiritual world were opening upon him.

The illness of the saddler was a terrible calamity. Besides limiting ways and means for present exigencies, debts were necessarily incurred to keep things going, though, on the poorest footing. Then, there was the dread of the future. What was to become of the family when the head of the house was removed? The dismal state of affairs was at times discussed by the disconsolate husband and wife. It was a blank look-

out. To discharge obligations, every atom of property would probably have to be sold off.

"Jeanie," said the saddler faintly, a day or two before his death, "I say, Jeanie, I should like you to keep Donald for my sake; but I fear ye'll hae to part wi' him; ye canna keep him. I thoct we could hae made him a usefu' beast, by lettin' him out for hire, and sae bringin' in a little siller. If ye could manage to keep him, it would be a grand thing for you and the bairns, when I'm ta'en away."

It was evident that the poor man viewed the pet donkey as in some sort of means of livelihood for his bereaved family. Donald was in a sense to be the family bread-winner, when the saddler was consigned to the kirk-yard of Lasswade. The widow, not very demonstrative, appreciated the idea, assured her husband she would do all in her power to maintain the family connection with Donald.

"He canna do the work o' a horse, puir fellow," she observed, "but he's very willin'. He would work till he fa's doon. I never kenn'd sid a willin' cratur. And he's sic a guid-natured wee beastie! Keep yersel' easy, Andrew, about Donald. We'll try to make a fend. I wadna wonder but we might make half-a-croon a day out o' him, and Donald no a preen the waur."

The wife's determination to set the donkey to work for the benefit of the family was particularly soothing to the exhausted and dying saddler. In consideration of Donald's prospective services, there was an agreeable sense of comfort.

And hope half mingled with the poor man's prayer,

As if aware of the misfortune impending over the family, the little animal was dull and listless; he did not gambol out as was his wont, neither did he seek to stretch himself before the kitchen fire in the society of the children. During the last day of his master's life, he visited the door of the sick room, throwing forward and sideways his long ears, to hear, if possible, any sounds which might be addressed to him. On the circumstance being reported to the saddler, Donald was permitted once more to enter the apartment. It was a mournful scene. Wife and children were assembled round the death-bed, to which, drawn by affection, Donald closely advanced, as if to bid a final adieu to one he dearly loved. With life fleeting fast away, the invalid could only with a kind look lay his pallid hand on the meek face of the faithful animal, faintly murmuring the words "Poor Donald; and shortly afterwards he breathed his last.

The decease of the village saddler, who had been much respected, and in his illness pitied, caused some sensation in the locality. All saw that the widow would be poorly off. But as usual in such cases, things, in a plain business way, took their course. The debts that had been incurred by the protracted illness, to say nothing of the funeral expenses, required to be discharged. And as there was no money to discharge them, the transaction naturally and legally resulted in a public auction of effects, with a red flag hung out at the door, as a symbol of household desolation.

On the day of the sale, Donald munched his grass and thistles in the wooden booth with his accustomed gravity, though the children's attentions were a little boisterous. One patted his face, another rubbed him down with a wisp of straw, while a third clasped him round the neck, crying bitterly, as if his heart were like to break. They were distracted with the possibility of losing Donald, and what could console them?

About noon, the auctioneer arrived with the red flag. He was accompanied by an assistant, a man of middle age, to act as clerk, who had gone through dozens of harrowing scenes of families sold out, and who, at his departure, had left nothing but bare walls. On the present melancholy occasion, as was his practice, he went to work imperturbably, like a man of business to whom sentiment would be out of place. Having unfurled the red flag and fixed it up conspicuously to the door-post, he arranged an ink-bottle at his button-hole, took out his notebook, and was ready for action. The children, clamorous at proceedings which they conjectured would lead to some dire misfortune, were peremptorily ordered to get out of the way and be quiet, so as to allow the goods to be examined.

Donald, the fondly cherished Donald, was ranked as part of the "goods." In the advertisement announcing the "Sale for behoof of Creditors," a prominent place, as follows, was given to him as an attractive article of sale: "Also an excellent young male Donkey, well trained, and able to draw a small spring-cart, which, with harness, will be sold along with him; very useful for dealers in coal, fish, vegetables, and other articles."

The harangue of the auctioneer was worthy of the occasion:

"Here, gentlemen, is a lot such as you seldom meet with. A donkey, young, strong, and healthy. He is sound in limb, well trained, fit for drawing a load of from eight to ten hundred weight, so docile that a child might drive him, needs no urging or beating, is so willing to do his work that the chief difficulty is how to hold him in. I assure you, he is a most valuable animal for many useful purposes. He must, however, be sold, along with his harness and cart. To insure competition, I will put up the lot at two pounds. Who bids more than two pounds?—Trot him down the street. There—there he goes!"

Returned from his trot, in which a host of boys kept running after him, Donald is brought

to a standstill, and the biddings begin. The price offered rises shilling by shilling to three pounds; then by leaps of five shillings at a time, it mounts to four pounds, and ultimately to eight pounds. There the competition stops. The last bidder is a gentleman belonging to the neighborhood, against whom it is thought unless to contend. He is, to all appearance, resolved to be the purchaser. With a wave of the hand and a searching glance all round, and declaring it was the last call, the auctioneer brings down his stick with a smart rap on the chair, and the donkey and his cart are declared to be sold at eight pounds. "A great bargain, sir!" he adds quietly and confidentially, addressing the successful competitor.

The smart blow with the stick sounded like the knell of fate in the ears of the disconsolate woman. And yet, as by a Providential act, a better turn was given to her affairs. Requesting a youth to lead Donald back to his crib, and see him properly attended to, the gentleman who had been his purchaser entered the cottage and sought out its mistress in her grief and obscurity. Laying his hand on her shoulder he spoke to her a few kind words. "Do not be so distressed about the loss of your favorite donkey. I have bought it for you, and you need only pay the price, when you are able to do so, after settling your husband's affairs. Make a good use of the little animal, as you designed, for the benefit of yourself and children."

The woman looked up wonderingly and gratefully. "It is very kind o' you, sir," she said, "but I have na words to thank ye. For what ye hae done, ye'll hae the blessing o' the widow and fatherless."

The donkey may now be said to have got over the first adventure in his life. What followed was less picturesque. His mistress, the saddler's wife, made a resolute effort to make a livelihood by hiring him out to execute jobs for the grocer and others in the village. The necessity, however, for attending to him as a subject of hire, and at the same time performing other duties for the sake of subsistence, was beyond her powers. At the end of four months, she was forced to sell Donald. It was a painful, but voluntary and unavoidable act. As the animal was now well known in the district as a servicable beast of draught, it was not difficult to find a customer.

Donald and his spring-cart were bought for the sum of ten pounds by a respectable baker in the adjoining village of Lasswade, for delivering bread round the neighborhood. With tears and a sad heart, the poor widow and her three boys had to part with her much-loved, much-cared-for pet, endeared to them by recollections of the deceased husband and father. The parting being over, Donald was led down the hill to his new quarters, to undertake the business of drawing the cart with bread. In this regular and by no means heavy routine of duty, he acquitted himself admirably. As Lasswade is within a short distance of Loanhead, we may suppose that, in making his rounds, the donkey was sometimes seen by his former mistress, who continued to remain in the village, and, as is understood, remains still, making a livelihood for herself and children by needlework, and going out to char and wash; in which respects she affords a good specimen of a well-disposed woman, anxious to support her family by her industry.

A change has now to be recorded in Donald's destiny. In the autumn of 1872, we found occasion to advertise for a donkey, to help in a variety of purposes connected with a country house. The grass in the avenue and grounds generally could not be conveniently kept down by the gardener and his assistant, and a donkey was suggested as being imperative to draw the mowing-machine. Then, there were often luggage and parcels to be taken to and from the railway station, two miles distant. Lastly, it was alleged that in doing mere ordinary jobbing in which carts had to be hired, a great saving would be effected by procuring a serviceable donkey. For these and other important reasons, the advertisement was issued.

A response came from Lasswade. A baker has a donkey with harness and a neat spring-cart to dispose of—price wanted for the whole £12 10s. The reason assigned for parting with the donkey is, that the business to be done exceeds its powers. Its place must be taken by a horse. Here, apparently, was quite the thing we required. The gardener was despatched to investigate the character and qualifications of the animal. A favorable report being presented, the bargain was struck at the specified price. Donald quitted Lasswade, of which pretty village on the Esk he had been some time a denizen, and drawing his spring-cart after him, was driven to his new home in the vale of Tweed. It was a journey of upwards of twenty miles. One afternoon in August, he came merrily trotting up the avenue to the front door, where he passed under general review, and received his first welcome.

Money had been given to pay Donald's expenses on the road, it being reasonable he should have a feed of oats at a wayside inn; but he required no such outlay. He did not, would not eat oats. He did not understand oats as an article of diet. He lived chiefly on coarse grass—fresh or dried, it was all the same—and the only luxury he cared for was bread, no matter of what kind or quality. Old crusts would do very well. A small loaf bought for the purpose sufficed for the journey.

For long after the arrival of Donald, we knew nothing of his early history. Most of the particulars just mentioned were learned from a lady who happened to know something about the quarter whence he had come. It may be sup-

posed that a discovery of the Loanhead incidents tended to raise our respect for Donald. He had been well brought up, and come through tribulation. There was a degree of sentiment attached to his history. Consistently with obligations which he would not feel very onerous, we should do all in our power to render his existence pleasant and comfortable. On this basis, things have proceeded pleasantly till the present time.

With no more than twelve months' experience of Donald, we are unable to offer any accumulation of anecdotes respecting him. He has become a general favorite on account of his good temper and familiar behavior. The young ladies who happen to be our guests—almost emulating the fondness of Titania for Bottom in "Midsummer Night's Dream"—are never tired patting him, and ministering to him with crusts of bread, which he takes delicately from their open palm.

As for work, he goes to it with a zest that shows his force of character. There is about him none of that slow sleepy indifference which we frequently see in donkeys which have experienced ill-usage, and are cruelly under-fed and over-wrought. In his own case are exemplified the advantages of considerate treatment. As he faithfully served the saddler, his former master, so he serves us. He does his work with goodwill, and he does it well. In drawing a grass-cutting machine, he gets through as much in two hours as two men with scythes can get through in a day; and yoked in his garden-cart, with high spurred sides, he clears away all that has been cut with amazing expedition. With his spring-cart, which has a seat across it for the driver, he executes all sorts of jobs at a distance. In bringing packages from the railway station, he trots with persevering assiduity. He can easily get over the two miles of ground in from ten to fifteen minutes, which is good running. As was honestly said of him by the auctioneer, the only difficulty is how to hold him in.

Such is the story of our donkey, as far as it can at present be told. Our acquisition of him has been a success, and assuming that he has got over any distressful reminiscences concerning his kind friend, the deceased saddler, he probably finds little to regret in the new home into which fortune has drifted him. Something might be added in the way of moral, but it is hardly necessary. The few incidents related, show that in the case of the donkey, as with many other animals, kindness will not be thrown away. A creature which is too apt to be despised for its apparent stupidity, is found to possess a considerable degree of shrewd intelligence, and to be susceptible of that amount of cultivation, which would turn it to good account as a useful, a willing, and, we will add, a grateful servant of man.

CHINESE PHYSIOLOGY.

In some respects the Chinese are an intelligent people, but they are not strong in science. Their physiology is especially whimsical. According to their notion, the chief organ of the human economy is the spleen. Its functions are manifold. It rubs against the stomach and grinds the food, it keeps up the proper degree of heat in the five *taang*; it moves the muscles and the lips, and thus regulates the opening of the mouth; furthermore, it directs our secret ideas so that they become known to us. The liver regulates the tendons and ornaments the nails of the hands and feet. The heart regulates the blood vessels, beautifies the complexion, and by its means we are enabled to open the ears and move the tongue. Of the circulation of the blood, the Chinese are profoundly ignorant. The kidneys govern the bones, beautify the hair of the head, and open the orifices of the two *yin*. The diaphragm, being spread out like a membrane beneath the heart, and joined all round to the ribs and spine, covers over the thick vapors so that the foul air cannot rise. The gall bladder is the seat of courage; hence the popular belief that whoever eats the gall of a brave man or beast will inherit the valor of its original possessor: a belief which frequently leads to a lively competition for the galls of remarkable animals.

Of the function of the brain, the Chinese have but a vague idea, still they think it has something to do with the intellect. In proof of this suspicion, they offer the case of a man of great renown for his learning, whose misfortune it was to fall from a horse with such violence as to break his skull. The physician who was called to treat the case hit upon the happy thought of supplying from the skull of a cow the portion of brain the wise man had lost. The operation was only a partial success, since the subject's eminent powers of mind remained in utter prostration, and from that time forward he was a very different man from what he had been. Whether his residual intelligence exhibited any bovine characteristics, our informant unhappily neglects to say.

Hereafter we expect to see this case given as additional evidence that the Chinese are the original discoverers of everything. It is certain that it greatly antedates the operation recently reported from Leipzig for the edification of rural editors: a case in which the brain of a good-natured wine seller, dead of heart disease, was transplanted into the cranium of a soldier condemned to death for murder, with a corresponding transference of mental and moral traits. The Leipzig surgeon is plainly no better than a skillful imitator.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

MECHANICAL PIANO-PLAYING.—The teachers of the piano will have to find something else to do for a living as, "human ingenuity," in Paris has just perfected a machine that can be attached to the instrument, and play music on sight. The playing cannot be distinguished from that of a living player.

A HAPPY ANNIVERSARY.—Bridgeport, Connecticut, witnessed a few days since a pleasant and quite unusual incident—the celebration of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Curtis, on which occasion all their children and grandchildren were present. No death had occurred in the family in half a century.

NEW TOY.—A Yankee has invented a new toy which should become popular. It is a wax doll in a crib, the doll being dressed in night clothes and in a dainty lace cap. By some mechanism the doll baby at certain intervals, after being wound up, lifts itself up in the crib, puts out its arms, and distinctly calls "mamma."

EPIGRAM.—The following epigram was made when Dr. Goodenough, Bishop of Carlisle, was one day appointed to preach before the House of Peers:

"Tis well enough that Goodenough
Before the Lords should preach;
For sure enough they're bad enough
He undertakes to teach."

A MILKMAN'S CONFESSION.—A German had made a fortune in Philadelphia by selling milk. He started home with two bags of sovereigns. On shipboard he counted one bag of treasure. A mischievous monkey was watching his operations. As soon as it was replaced and tied up and the other bag emptied, Jocko snatched up the full one and was soon at the mast-head. He opened the German's bag, and after eyeing the pretty gold, he proceeded to drop one piece upon the deck and another in the water, until he had emptied the bag. When he had finished the Dutchman threw up his hands, exclaiming, "He must be the tnyvil, for what came from de water he does give to de water, and what came from de milk he gives to me."

READY MONEY.—Keep ready money on hand if you can. No matter if it is only a little sum. If it is only sufficient for the current expenses, it is a great convenience, to say the least. Any one who has tried and compared the credit with the cash system will readily admit the correctness of the above remark. When you buy for cash you generally get things cheaper—get better weight and measure, and all the favours the dealer can extend to his patrons. On the chronic credit system, the matter is usually reversed. If you try to avoid credit by borrowing, you improve matters very little, if any. Hence we give this advice, "Turn an honest penny" whenever you can, and always have sufficient money on hand to meet your small engagements.

A good story is told of a certain actor whose fate it was to represent the inferior personages in the drama such as messengers, serving-men, etc. One night, a certain great tragedian being engaged, the poor actor, enacting the character of a servant, had to repeat these words: "My lord, the coach is waiting." This was all he had to say, but turning to the gallery part of the audience, he added, with a stentorian voice.

"And permit me further to observe, that the man who raises his hand against a woman, save in the way of kindness, is unworthy the name of Briton." Shouts of applause followed. After the play, on being remonstrated with by the great tragedian for his innovation, he replied, "I regret to have annoyed you but it's my benefit, next week, and I must make myself popular with the audience."

FATHER TAYLOR'S REBUKE.—When Jenny Lind was in this country, she once attended the Bethel Church, in Boston, where the well-remembered Father Taylor was pastor. The good man, who did not know that she was present, was requested, as he entered the house, to preach on amusements. The sermon opposed dancing, card-playing, and theatre-going, but approved music. The preacher paid a glowing tribute to the power of song, and to the goodness, modesty and charity of the sweetest of all singers, "now lighted on these shores." Jenny Lind was leaning forward and clapping her hands with delight, when a tall person arose on the pulpit stairs, and inquired whether any one who died at Miss Lind's concerts would go to heaven. Disgust and contempt swept across Father Taylor's face as he glanced at the interloper. "A Christian," said he, "will go to heaven wherever he dies, and a fool will be a fool wherever he is—even if he is on the steps of the pulpit."

FRYING MEAT.—A common habit in American cookery, is most unprofitable to the enter. It robs the meat of its juices and hardens its texture. The extreme heat of the fat not only burns the outer layers of the meat, so as to injure their value for nutritive purposes, but also changes the chemical condition of the fatty acids, giving rise to products which obstruct the breathing and cause tingling of the nose and eyes of the cook, and which are more or less harmful to the eater. The peculiar flavor of the meat is in a great measure lost by frying, and for it is substituted the flavor of the fat in which it is cooked. This fat permeates the fibres of the meat in such a way as to render them less soluble in the watery fluids of the mouth and stomach, and thus cause difficult digestion. Broiling on a gridiron over a quick fire costs a little more time and trouble, and very likely fuel also, but by this process the juices of the meat are sealed

up (to a certain extent) instead of being evaporated, and the nutritive value is thereby much increased.

VARIETY OF FOOD.—Experience has proved that, for some reason unknown to science, variety is essential to health after reaching the age when we are free to choose our food. The perpetual recurrence of the same edibles, even though their number be considerable, becomes in all periods of life except infancy, not only wearisome, but positively injurious. The lack of variety in many cases is due to the poverty of poorer classes and the difficulty of buying fresh provisions in places remote from markets. Salt-pork, salt-fish, and potatoes, with pies, poor bread and Japan tea, are the staples of food of thousands of families during our long winters. It should be understood how needful a change of diet is from time to time. Fresh vegetables, particularly in the country, are readily obtained and preserved, and should be unsparingly used. The edible roots, as turnips, carrots, onions, and beets, and cabbage, are as well worth preservation as the omnipresent potato. All these vegetables need thorough boiling, and more than they generally get.

GAMBLERS' TRICKS.—The *Louisville Courier-Journal* gives the annexed description of some gaming tools seized in that city: "The apparatus taken consisted of two reflectors of different construction. One of them consists of a pile of poker chips, about six in number, the top and bottom ones being perfect, but the intermediate ones were only semicircular, and cut out so that a small bright piece of steel placed in the bottom of the pile would reflect the hand of the dealer's opponent, as the cards were dealt directly over this reflector. Knowing his opponent's hand, the gambler had easy work in fleeing his victim. The other contrivance is called the 'greenback reflector,' and consists of a one dollar greenback note having a stiff piece of paper pasted on the bill. A small piece of wood is pinned to the paper, having on its face a small glass mirror. When the game commences this bill is laid upon the table and twenty or more dollars placed upon it in such a manner as perfectly to conceal the mirror. The dealer of the cards, as in the former instance, knowing his adversary's hand, can easily win every game."

LINCOLN AND THE CONTRABAND.—President Lincoln once got into conversation with a negro on board a steamboat, and finding he had served in a regiment that suffered severely at the battle of Fort Donelson, asked if he was in that fight. The darkey owned he had a little taste of it, and then the following colloquy ensued: "Stood your ground, did you?" "No; sa; I runs!" "Run at the first fire?" "Yes, sa; and would ha' run sonna had I knowed it comin'!" "If our soldiers were all like you, traitors might have broken up the Government without resistance." "Yes, sa; dar would hab been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life in the scale 'gainst any government dat ever existed, for no government could make up de loss." "Do you think your company would have missed you if you had been killed?" "Maybe not, sa; a dead white man ain't much to dese sogers, let alone a died nigga; but I'd ha' missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me!" Mr. Planche's Irish coachman took much the same view of things. When a traveller, seeing him fold an extraordinary comforter round his neck, remarked that he took very good care of himself, Pat replied, "To be sure I do, sir; what's all the world to a man when his wife's a widdy?"

HOW HE DID IT.—We know a farmer, now in comfortable circumstances, who, beginning with a few cows and constantly increasing their number, paid all the expenses of running his farm, all the grain bills, and brought up his farm to a splendid condition solely from the profits of his milk. His system of management was to buy good cows at the outset. He required that they should average each more than one can per day, season in and out, which many milk raisers are content with. His farm at the outset was run down and did not yield hay enough hardly to pay for the cutting.

Buying grain by the ton, and feeding it out to the cows! spreading the manure on the land and turning it over and sowing rye and oats and millet to be used successively for fodder; turning over more land and laying it down to grass; all this time selling his milk and buying grain and more cows, he now produces forty cans a day; is obliged to sell hay, because he makes more than he can possibly use; and his management is such that he actually more than pays for all the grain that he buys solely from hay sold off his farm.

He believes in selling cows; in fact, he says he can't afford to pasture them, believing that the increase of their manure will more than compensate for the extra labor employed in selling.

Two smart men can do all his work and not be over driven at that. He sells his cows to the butcher when they have reached the minimum product of milk that he counts on; and the prices realized are, because of their fine condition, often greater than the original cost of the animal. We know another farmer who manages much the same way, depending on a liberal grain feed and soiling, and putting every dollar made on the land. He buys what would be termed poor stock, that is, cheap, thirty or forty-dollar cows, and looks to less profit from his milk than from the increased value of his cows for beef, and the increase of his manure pile. However, he is now rich, and his money has been made solely by the above management.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

CEMENT FOR WOOD VESSELS.—A mixture of lime clay and oxide of iron, separately calcined and reduced to fine powder, then intimately mixed, kept in a close vessel, and mixed with the requisite quantity of water when used. This will make a vessel watertight if the ingredients are good.

WHAT IS AN INCH OF RAIN?—An acre consists of 6,272,640 square inches; and an inch deep of rain on an acre yields 6,272,640 cubic inches of water, which at 277,274 cubic inches to the gallon makes 22,622.5 gallons; and as a gallon of distilled water weighs 10 lbs., the rainfall on an acre is 226,225 lbs. avoirdupois; as 2,240 lbs. are a ton, an inch deep of rain weighs 100,993 tons, or nearly 101 tons per acre. For every 100th of an inch a ton of water falls per acre.

CAMPOR WOOD.—This wood promises to become, at no distant day, a very valuable and important article of commerce. It grows freely in tropical countries, without cultivation, and especially thrives near the sea-coast, where it may be easily obtained for shipment. It attains large proportions, being sometimes found fifteen feet and upwards in diameter, and of proportionate height. It is very valuable for carpenter's work, being light, durable, and not liable to injury from insects. Its aromatic, agreeable perfume is also well known. The wood is strong and very durable, and it is especially applicable for shipbuilding, and may be applied to all purposes for which teak wood is used.

NEW NOSEBAG FOR HORSES.—It is common to supply horses with their necessary noon luncheon of oats by means of a canvas bag, shaped like a bucket, and hung from behind the animal's ears over the nose. To secure the mouthful the horse is obliged to give the bag an upward toss, which fills his mouth but at the same time throws out and wastes a portion of feed. The aggregate waste of oats from the use of these common nosebags is estimated as something enormous. A variety of devices have been invented to prevent this loss, one of the latest being that introduced by an ingenious American, who puts an additional bottom within the bag, on which the oats are placed. Under this bottom is a spiral spring. The weight of the oats compresses the spring, which expands as fast as the oats are eaten, thus keeping the supply always at the same level within the bags. The principle is the same as the spring candleholder.

TO CLEAN PAINT.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: Use but little water at once; keep it warm and clean by changing it often. A flannel cloth takes off fly specks better than cotton. Soap will remove the paint; so use but little of it. Cold tea is the best liquid for cleaning varnished paint, window panes and mirrors. A sharp piece of soft wood is indispensable for cleaning out corners. A saucer of sifted ashes should always be at hand to clean unvarnished paint that has become badly smoked; it is better than soap. Never put soap upon glass, unless it can be thoroughly rinsed off, which can never be done to window glass. Wash off the specks with warm tea, and rub the panes dry; then make a paste of whiting and water, and put a little in the center of each pane. Take a dry cloth and rub it all over the glass, and then rub it off with a chamol skin or flannel, and your windows will shine like crystal.

BEARING AGE OF NUT TREES.—The *Oneida Circular* relates an instance wherein 12 hickory trees bore nuts in sixteen years after planting, one of them in the 17th year producing three and a half barrels of nuts "as they came from the tree." This probably means that the nuts were yet in the burs when measured. They were not cultivated when first planted, and made a very poor growth for several years, but at the time of bearing measured about a foot in diameter near the ground. A dozen black walnut trees were planted at the same time, but no mention is made as to when they began to bear fruit. Chestnut trees bore fruit in sixteen years from their planting in the seed bed. But by planting trees several years old, grafting them to stock known to be good, and cultivating well, the writer is confident that fruit can be grown in considerably less time. The constant advance in the price of nuts, he also thinks, will render their increased cultivation profitable and desirable.

JUTE.—Jute is a fibrous plant that grows to a high stalk varying from six to twelve feet high. It is raised in the lowlands of the East Indies. The jute plantations are operated somewhat on the system of rice plantations. The water used for flooding purposes is taken from rudely constructed reservoirs filled by the melting snow of the Himalaya Mountains. The plant is kept growing in about eighteen inches of water, which prevents the parching rays of a tropical sun from destroying it. When the stalk has attained its full growth it is pulled up by the roots or cut off near the roots. It is then laid out in bales like wheat or rye, and prepared for market.

The bark is removed, the root is cut off where it is pulled up with the stalk, and where the root is not originally kept, the hard, lower end is cut off and thrown into a class commercially known as jute butts. The remainder is then assorted with regard to length, strength, fineness, and lustre of fibre. The first quality is a beautiful, clear, long fibre, much of it resembling in appearance blonde hair. This is especially used for chignons, but it is also used in Scotland in the manufacture of fine jute cloths.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

KROUGHKAIGH is the way they spell a popular game in Western Missouri.

A **PREACHER** in an Illinois town, while laying the corner-stone of his new church not long since, said: "If boys and girls do their sparring at church, I say Amen to it. I have a daughter whom I cherish as the apple of my eye. When she is of suitable age, I had rather she should be courted in the house of God than in a theatre."

A **REVEREND** gentleman, during a sojourn among the hills of New Hampshire, stopping at the door of a cottage, inquired of the occupant if there were any Episcopalians in the neighborhood. "I don't exactly know," replied the dame, rubbing her head with a knitting-needle, "but I believe John shot one in the garden last week, but he thought he was a chipmunk."

ARCHBISHOP Whately was once accosted at the table of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland by an aide-de-camp, with the question, "What is the difference, your Grace, between an archbishop and a donkey?" His Grace owned that he did not know. "The archbishop has a cross on his breast, and the donkey on his back." "Yes, yes; oh! I see; very good. And," added his Grace, "what is the difference between an aide-de-camp and a donkey?" "I do not see any," was the unsuspecting reply. "Neither do I," said the Archbishop.

FIXED IDEAS IN THE MIND OF WOMAN.—That she has nothing fit to put on. That things ought to be but because they are cheap. That there is company in the kitchen. That she is not allowed sufficient money for housekeeping. That she never goes out anywhere. That her best black silk is getting awfully shabby. That she requires a change about the month of August. That her allowance is too small. That she never looks fit to be seen. That cook drinks. That there is somebody in the house. That Mrs. Orpington is dreadfully gone off, or dreadfully made up, or never was so very good-looking, after all.

JERE JOHNSON, Jun., a noted auctioneer of New York, advertises for sale at "Far Rockaway, Long Island," "nine elegant cottages and seventy-five glorious ocean villa plots," and adds the following invitation:

"Then come to the sale with Johnson,
By the roar of the ocean surf,
Come, buy a home by the salt sea foam,
In the fairest spot of earth;
On the sea-beat shore, which evermore,
As now, shall resound with mirth."

A **PARENT** writes that he is annoyed and pained by his young son staying out at night, and asks a remedy for this rapidly growing evil. There are several remedies. The most effectual is to compel him to wear patched clothing.

1. NEVER "break in" boots or shoes. If they are not easy when new, don't take them; for the boots will break your feet oftener than your feet will break the boots.

2. If you go on "breaking in" boot leather, you will need a special salve, made with all sorts of knobs and protuberances to correspond with your distorted joints. Then you will be sorry.

3. If you have large feet, admit it in all honesty and have your boots made accordingly. Then you will be happy.

The following anecdote of Count D'Orsay is given in the "Autobiography, Memoir, and Letters of Henry Fothergill Chorley," recently published:—"I have heard the Count tell how, when he was in England for the first time (very young, very handsome, and not abashed), he was placed at some dinner-party next the late Lady Holland. That singular woman, who adroitly succeeded in ruling and retaining a distinguished circle, longer than either fascination or tyranny might singly have accomplished, chanced that day to be in one of her imperious humors. She dropped her napkin—the Count picked it up gallantly; then her fan, then her fork, then her spoon, then her glass—and as often her neighbour stooped and restored the lost article. At last, however, the patience of the youth gave away, and, on her dropping her napkin again, he turned and called one of the footmen behind him. "Put my *couvert* on the floor," said he; "I will finish my dinner there. It will be so much more convenient to my Lady Holland."

MARK TWAIN once bought a horse by auction. "In the afternoon," he says, "I brought the creature into the Plaza, and certain citizens held him by the head, and others by the tail, while I mounted him. As soon as they let go, he placed all his feet in a bunch together, lowered his back, and then suddenly arched it upward, and shot me straight into the air, a matter of three or four feet! I came as straight down again, lit in the saddle, went instantly up again, came down almost on the high pommel, shot up again, and came down on the horse's neck—all in the space of three or four seconds. Then he rose, and stood almost straight up on his hind feet; and I, clasping his lean neck desperately, slid back into the saddle and held on. He came down, and immediately hoisted his heels into the air, delivering a vicious kick at the sky, and stood on his fore feet; and then down he came once more, and began the original exercise of shooting me straight up again. The third time I went up, I heard a stranger say, "Oh, don't he buck though!" While I was up, somebody struck the horse a sounding thwack with a leather strap, and when I arrived again "the horse" was not there."

OUR PUZZLER.

205. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. I'm a town, and my name to desery,
To Siberia please turn your eye.
2. Here a fanciful island you see,
Represented a model to be.
3. It's a gem which in shell-fish is found,
And is valued the most when it's round.
4. 'Tis a mountain; and it you may view,
If you ever should go to Peru.
5. When a man breaks the law, and is caught,
Then to this he expects to be brought.
6. A most famous believer in fate
Had to spend his last days in this state.
7. If the name of this port you would learn,
To the state of La Plata you must turn.

The initials read downwards must be,
Then a primary planet you'll see:
And the finals, if also read down,
An astronomer's name of renown.

206. TRANSLOCATIONS.

1. As I stand, I am the abbreviated name of a
great prophet; change the vowels consecutively,
and I become the place where he was
preserved from danger, a tap-room wrangle, a
Spanish title, and a clamorous creditor.
2. As I stand, I indicate a body; change the
vowels, and I am reminded of Joseph and his
brother Benjamin, an unmarried lady, rural
verdure, and an obsolete term for a scramble.
3. As I stand, I am either a male or female
companion; change the vowels, I reduce to
measure, I am proverbially little, and I never
join in a chorus.

207. CHARADE.

My first in many a field doth grow—
Most easy 'tis to guess;
Without it we should come to woe,
To trouble and distress.
My second in a farmer's barn
You very oft may find;
And when I say 'tis made of yarn,
It may come to your mind.
My whole is but my second, too,
And used to carry in
My dear and precious first: so you
To guess may now begin.

208. LITTLE CHARADES.

1. My first's part of the body, my second is
bacon, my whole is a game.
2. My first is a drawer, my second is venerable,
my whole is husbandry.
3. My first is an English river, my second is a
cave, my whole is heavy.
4. My first is a preposition, my second is a
vowel, my third a covering, my whole is useless.

209. LOGOGRIPH.

A look is my whole, so don't refuse:
Behead, I am an instrument doctors use;
Transpose, an English town see plain;
Again transpose, I am without a stain;
But, if you behead, and then transpose,
What is not fat it will disclose;
But if you take away the tail,
An English river will prevail;
Transpose a beverage, there is not a better;
Begin again, behead and drop a letter,
A shoe-string you will quickly see;
Behead me, and a unit 'twill be.

210. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Take forty-five from forty-five, and forty-five
remains.

211. DOUBLE ARITHMOREM.

- | | |
|------|--------------------------------------|
| 500 | and shore (a Mediterranean island) |
| 100E | " truth (a German town) |
| 50 | " faster (a Danish island) |
| 1 | " for (a Brazilian mountain) |
| 51 | " be seen (a Prussian town) |
| 501 | " grub (a Prussian town) |
| 5611 | " oak (Siberian isles) |
| 1 | " ess boque(t) (a river of Guiana) |
| 1001 | " a mast (a city in Jesso) |
| 101 | " duet (Austrian mountains—beheaded) |
| 551 | " enter "oro" (a Mexican river). |
- The initials name an elegant little animal
found in Madagascar: the finals will show the
peculiarity for which it is remarkable.

212. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

I purchased tumblers at 10s. a dozen, and sold
them at as many shillings per dozen as I gained
pounds on £100. At what price did I sell them.

213. CHARADE.

A portion of a ship
My primal disclose;
A certain kind of ring
My second rightly shows.
My third one will be seen
To form part of a pheasant;
If total was in you,
You'd think it far from pleasant.

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, Dec. 20th, 1873.

*** All communications relating to Chess must
be addressed "CHECKMATE Canada."*

CORRECTION.—In Problem No. 25, the R. at Black's
K. B. 5th should be a Black King.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 27.

White.	Black.
1. Q. to R. 1st	1. Any.
2. Mate acc.	

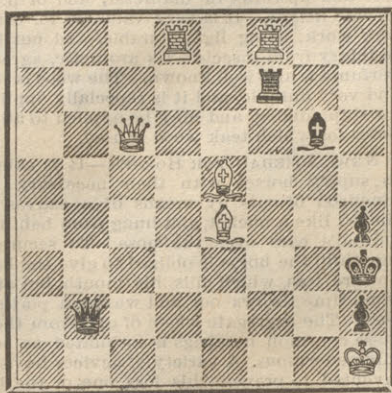
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 28.

White.	Black.
1. Kt. to Q. Kt. 4th	1. K. moves.
2. Q. to R. 6th or B.	2. "
1st acc.	
3. Q. mates.	

PROBLEM NO. 29.

By W. A. SHINKMAN.

BLACK.



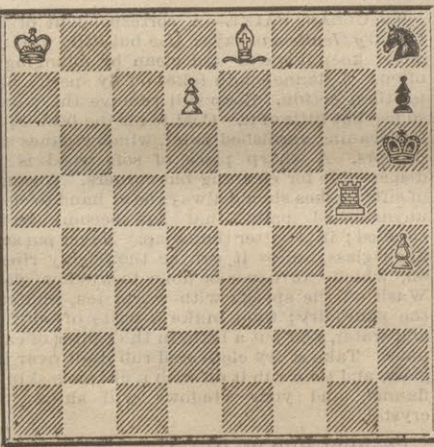
WHITE.

Either to play and mate or self-mate in two moves.

PROBLEM NO. 30.

By W. A. SHINKMAN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

INSTRUCTION IN CHESS.

By "CHECKMATE."

GAME NO. 23.

One of the match games at the Vienna Congress:

Ruy Lopez Attack.

White. Black.

DR. FLEISSIG. MR. BLACKBURN.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4th | 1. P. to K. 4th |
| 2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd | 2. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd |
| 3. B. to Q. Kt. 5th | 3. Kt. to Q. 5th |

Black counter-attacks. This move has been generally
condemned by the books, but Mr. Bird by frequently
adopting it and with success gave it quite a
run at the Vienna Congress.

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| 4. Kt. takes Kt. | 4. P. takes Kt. |
| 5. Castles. | |

Prof. Anderssen almost invariably plays 5. P. to Q.
3rd, the move in the text, however, is considered
better as it avoids the ch. with the Q. at Black's R.
4th.

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| 6. B. to B. 4th. | 5. P. to Q. B. 3rd. |
|------------------|---------------------|

Mr. Whisker believes B. to R. 4th to be better
than this as it prevents the second player indoubling
his Queen's Pawns by P. to Q. 4th, and the weak P.
at Q. 5th is liable to be lost.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| 7. P. to Q. B. 3rd | 6. Kt. to K. 2nd |
| 8. K. P. takes P. | 7. P. to Q. 4th |
| 9. P. takes P. | 8. Kt. takes P. |
| 10. P. to Q. 3rd | 9. Kt. to Kt. 3rd |
| 11. R. to K. 1st (ch) | 10. Q. takes P. |
| 12. B. to K. 3rd | 11. B. to K. 2nd |
| | 12. Q. to Q. 3rd. |

Taking the Q. Kt. P. would have involved Black
in a fearful attack commencing with 13. B. to Q. B.
5th.

- | |
|----------------------|
| 13. Q. to K. R. 5th. |
|----------------------|

Taking the Kt. with B. and afterwards playing Q.
to K. 2nd would have prevented Black casting. Kt.
to Q. B. 3rd would have been move serviceable than
the move in the text.

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 14. B. takes Kt. | 13. Castles. |
| 15. Kt. to B. 3rd | 14. P. takes B. |
| 16. Q. to K. 2nd | 15. R. to R. 4th |
| 17. Kt. to K. 4th | 16. B. to Q. 1st |
| 18. P. to Q. 4th | 17. Q. to K. Kt. 3rd |
| 19. P. to Q. Kt. 4th | 18. B. to Q. B. 2nd |
| | 19. R. to K. R. 4th |

Hazardous in appearance, but sound in substance
if the proper continuation be adopted, unfortunately
for Black, it was not.

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 20. Kt. to Kt. 3rd | 20. R. to R. 5th |
| 21. Q. R. to Q. 1st | 21. P. to Q. Kt. 4th |
| 22. B. to Kt. 3rd | 22. B. to Q. 3rd |
| 23. P. to Q. R. 3rd | 23. Q. to R. 3rd |
| 24. P. to K. R. 3rd | 24. B. to K. Kt. 5th |

Black here sets a trap for White, but is himself
caught in it. K. to R. 1st with the object of advancing
the K. B. P. is the most promising course.

- | |
|---------------------|
| 25. P. to K. B. 3rd |
|---------------------|

Had White taken the B. Black would have mated
in three moves beginning with R. to R. 8th (ch.) The
move adopted by Dr. Fleissig turns the takes against
his clever opponent.

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| 26. B. P. takes B. | 25. B. takes Kt. |
| 27. Q. takes B. | 26. B. takes R. |
| 28. P. to Q. 5th | 27. Q. to B. 3rd |
| | 28. R. to R. 3rd |

The position of this R. is decidedly against Black.
If he take P. with P., White retakes with R.,
threatening P. to Kt. 5th.

- | | |
|------------------|------------------|
| 29. P. to Q. 6th | 29. R. to Q. 1st |
| 30. Q. to K. 7th | |

Well played. The second player is compelled to
exchange Queens, and by no means afterward can
he prevent the advanced Pawn reaching the eighth
square.

- | | |
|------------------|----------------------|
| 31. P. takes Q. | 30. Q. takes Q. |
| 32. K. to B. 2nd | 31. R. takes R. (ch) |

Taking the R. with B. would not do, because Black
would then win by R. to K. 3rd.

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------------|
| 33. R. to K. 2nd | 32. R. to K. B. 3rd (ch) |
|------------------|--------------------------|

And Black resigned.

GAME NO. 24.

We conclude our review of games in this opening
with the following illustrating a not often adopted
method of continuing the attack:

Ruy Lopez Attack.

Black. White.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| ERNEST MURPHY. | J. P. CADMAN. |
| 1. P. to K. 4th | 1. P. to K. 4th |
| 2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd | 2. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd |
| 3. B. to Q. Kt. 5th | 3. P. to Q. R. 3rd |
| 4. B. takes Kt. | |

Mr. Murphy commends this move as the very best
way of continuing the attack:

- | | |
|-------------|----------------|
| 5. Castles. | 4. Q. takes B. |
|-------------|----------------|

The attack may now play P. to Q. 4th, and if the
defence take the P. retake it with the Q.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 6. P. to Q. 4th | 5. B. to Q. 3rd |
| 7. Kt. takes P. | 6. P. takes P. |
| | 7. P. to K. R. 3rd |

Wasting time.

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 8. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. | 8. Kt. to K. 2nd |
| 9. P. to K. B. 4th | 9. Castles. |
| 10. P. to K. B. 5th | 10. B. to Q. B. 4th |
| 11. B. to K. 3rd | 11. P. to K. B. 3rd |
| 12. K. to R. 1st | 12. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd |
| 13. Q. Kt. to K. 2nd | 13. B. takes Kt. |
| 14. B. takes B. | 14. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd |
| 15. P. to Q. B. 3rd | 15. Q. to K. 1st |
| 16. Kt. to K. B. 4th | 16. B. to Q. 2nd |
| 17. R. to K. B. 3rd | 17. Q. R. to Q. 1st |
| 18. R. to K. Kt. 3rd | 18. P. to Q. B. 4th |
| 19. Q. to K. Kt. 4th | 19. R. to K. B. 2nd |
| 20. B. to K. 3rd | 20. K. to R. 2nd |
| 21. Kt. to R. 5th | 21. Q. to K. Kt. 1st |
| 22. Q. to K. B. 4th | 22. K. to R. 1st |

White here played B. to K. 3rd, when Black took
Kt. P. with K. and White immediately surrendered.
The move in the text is the best White could have
adopted, but only prolongs the game.

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------|
| 23. Kt. takes Kt. P. | 23. R. takes Kt. |
| 24. Q. takes R. P. (ch) | 24. Q. to R. 2nd |
| 25. R. takes R. | 25. Q. takes Q. |
| 26. B. takes Q. | |

And wins easily.

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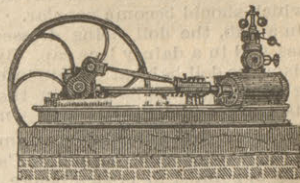
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